

FREE
PREVIEW

lisa33



a novel — Dan Allan

lisa33

A Novel

Dan Allan

VIKING

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I am indebted to all who have supported me during this and all of my literary endeavors. Most especially:

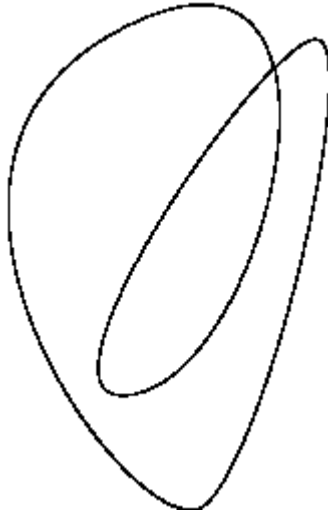
My wife, Kate, for her patience, her always-thoughtful criticism, and her ardent defense of the role of humor in literature and in life. My Viking editor, Molly Stern, for her infectious enthusiasm, her passion for the book, and her valuable insights. The book is a better one for her involvement. My agent, Bill Clegg, for recognizing the potential of this highly unconventional work and for contributing his own very helpful suggestions. Karen Evans, the first reader I dared show this to and always a helpful critic and excellent friend. Richard Smith, whose detailed critique was brimming with good ideas. Jess Regelson, whose wisdom and support were of great benefit when the book had few champions. And Rosalind Warren, who has been a supporter, a friend, and a believer from before I ever actually wrote anything worth reading. Also, generally, for all their support and kindness, Laura Blum, John Spears, Benji Rubin, John and Jean Berke, Joel Shames, and Janet Under.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

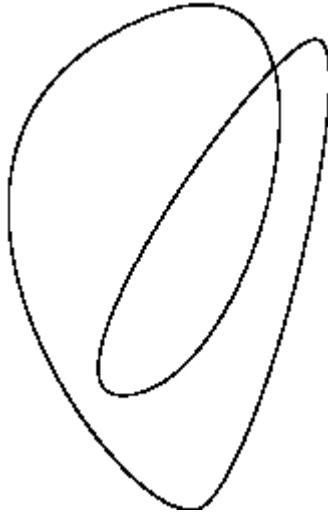
NEW MEDIA PRESS LAUNCHES INTO
CYBERSPACE

July 11, 1999—The New Media Corporation, a leading publisher of trendsetting periodicals on topics ranging from style and the arts to avant-garde literature, announced today the launch of a new Web site, www.literoticus.com, that will “be devoted to exploring the mystery of human eros through essays, stories, artworks, photography, bulletin boards, and live chat,” according to spokesperson Cynthia Martin. “Our goal is to create an online community of thinking people who will read, debate, and ultimately advance our acceptance of the sensory realm as we move into a new era of global interconnectedness.” Maya Catrell, formerly of *Art Life*, who will be senior content editor at Literoticus, added, “This will be the place to go for the liveliest content, the most dynamic thinking, the most cutting-edge, outside-the-box ideas anywhere on the Web. The Internet offers a new way for humans to interrelate, and at the same time demands a better awareness of human interrelations. Our mission is to forge an online community that will stimulate this awareness.”

THREE MONTHS LATER



CHAPTER 1





10/25/99 11:41 PM

<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html>

MOONBEAM: I'm not wearing panties.

STEVE: I am reaching under your dress.

MOONBEAM: Ooooh that feels so good.

STEVE: My hand is moving up your thigh.

MOONBEAM: I'm tingling with your touch.

STEVE: I'm rubbing up against your behind.

MOONBEAM: I reach back and take you in my hand.

STEVE: I am pulling off your panties.

LISA33: thought she just said she wasn't wearing panties.

TAG: She did.

MOONBEAM: I am stroking you.

TAG: That feels great.

TAG: Oh. Sorry. You weren't talking to me.

MOONBEAM: I was talking to Steve.

TAG: Sorry.

STEVE: Moon, come to me.

MOONBEAM: I kneel down on my knees, licking you.

TAG: Am I in the right place? It's kind of weird in here.

LISA33: just STEVE: and moon cybering.

TAG: Thought this was supposed to be serious discussion about something.

LISA33: it's a serious discussion about whether moon is wearing panties.

TAG: Ha.

MOONBEAM: I'm licking slowly over the head of your cock.

LISA33: you must be new here.

TAG: I am.

STEVE: I take your breasts in my hands and jiggle them.

MOONBEAM: That feels good.

STEVE: My hand is moving down between your legs.

MOONBEAM: My mouth is around your cock like a vise.

TAG: That's poetry.

LISA33: sounds painful, actually.

TAG: Moonbeam, release him immediately.

MOONBEAM: Will you guys cut the shit?

LISA33: oops, she's mad at us. we're sorry, moonbeam.

TAG: We are. Really.

LISA33: please proceed, really, we want you to.

MOONBEAM: Ignore them, Steve. Do it to me.

STEVE: My hand is wrenched between your legs.

LISA33: first a vise, now a wrench.

TAG: They've got a whole tool chest.

LISA33: we're really sorry, moon.

LISA33: we just can't help ourselves.

MOONBEAM: Fuck me.

STEVE: My cock is a rock.

LISA33: hey that rhymes.

TAG: "My shoulder is a boulder," rhymes.

MOONBEAM: Fuck me with it.

TAG: My shoulder?

LISA33: "my thighs are a prize," rhymes.

STEVE: I'm fucking you.

LISA33: i can rhyme any time

MOONBEAM: Fuck both of you.

STEVE: I'm going faster.

LISA33: don't come yet, steve. she's not ready.

TAG: I thought I was the one fucking her.

LISA33: no, silly, you're trying to think up another rhyme.

TAG: I am?

LISA33: it's your turn.

TAG: hmm... My dick is a prick?

LISA33: doesn't count.

TAG: How come?

LISA33: it doesn't mean anything, everyone's dick is a prick.

TAG: So? So mine is too.

LISA33: doesn't count, i win.

STEVE: I'm going to come.

LISA33: thanks for the update, steve.

LISA33: be sure to keep us informed.

STEVE: Where did MOONBEAM: go?

LISA33: so tag, haven't seen you here before.

TAG: First time.

LISA33: a newbie. how do you like it?

STEVE: Moon?

TAG: It's pretty bizarre. Not sure I'm ready for it.

TAG: I guess people act a bit differently when they're anonymous.

LISA33: gee, ya think so?

TAG: Is that sarcasm?

LISA33: not at all. i was genuinely spellbound by your insight.

TAG: Ha.

STEVE: Moon? What happened?

LISA33: s'okay, tag. i like you so far.

TAG: You're funny.

LISA33: better be, dammit.

STEVE: Moon???

LISA33: so tag, is this increasing your "acceptance of the sensory realm" like it's supposed to according the homepage?

TAG: I think I've always accepted the sensory realm.

LISA33: me too. i think it's the other realms i have trouble with.

STEVE: Where did Moon go? Damn.

TAG: What other realms are there?

LISA33: beats me. but if there are any... i don't accept them.

LIQUIDJOY: *HAS LOGGED ON*

LIQUIDJOY: Hi Lisa. How's it been going?

LISA33: 'kay liquid, how have you been?

LIQUIDJOY: Was just logged on CelebSkin.com.
I got a great pic of Pam Anderson, want it?

LISA33: course i do.

LIQUIDJOY: Where do I send it?

LISA33: Ready? Iisa33@earthbridge.com

LIQUIDJOY: Be right back.

STEVE: Moonbeam?

LISA33: tag? still there?

STEVE: Damn. What fucking happened to
Moonbeam?

LISA33: i swear i had nothing to do with it, steve.

LISA33: tag, where did you go?

TAG: I'm back. Just stepped away.

LISA33: writing down my e-mail address?

TAG: I was! Now I'm blushing.

LISA33: i'm onto ya, tag.

TAG: You are.

LISA33: i'm hip to ya.

TAG: You are.

STEVE: Fuck.

LIQUIDJOY: Get it yet?

LISA33: hang on i'll check, don't go anywhere, tag.

STEVE: Liquid, you m or f?

LIQUIDJOY: m

TAG: What's liquid joy?

LISA33: his semen, silly

LIQUIDJOY: You get the pic?

LISA33: ohmygod she's so hot.

LIQUIDJOY: So Lisa, what are you wearing?

LISA33: slick segue, liquid.

LIQUIDJOY: Well what do you look like?

LISA33: 5'7 125lbs.

LISA33: auburn hair.

LIQUIDJOY: Age?

LISA33: 33

LIQUIDJOY: Cup size?

LISA33: enough with the questions, liquid, still there, tag?

TAG: Waiting my turn.

LISA33: trying to picture me?

TAG: I am.

STEVE: Think I'll call it a night.

LISA33: you want to know my cup size, don't you? admit it tag.

LISA33: you want me to answer him.

TAG: Do I?

LISA33: course you do.

TAG: Maybe.

LISA33: guys are so obvious.

TAG: So does anyone talk about ideas or anything around here?

LISA33 fuck no.

TAG: Isn't there any like... literary chat?

LISA33: well, now that depends.

TAG: Depends on what?

LISA33: depends if you consider, "so what are you wearing?" literary.

TAG: Makes you wonder what the really hardcore chat rooms are like.

LISA33: "fuck me fuck me fuck me."

LIQUIDJOY: Lisa, can I IM you?

LISA33: busy now, liquid, thanks.

MOONBEAM: HAS *LOGGED ON*

MOONBEAM: Got booted. Crap.

STEVE: Moon!!!! I almost gave up on you.

MOONBEAM: Steve! You're still there!

TAG: What's IM?

LISA33: instant messaging, private chat. AOL thing. pm is yahoo version.

STEVE: My arms are around you again.

MOONBEAM: Feels good.

STEVE: I'm reaching under your panties.

TAG: She's not wearing panties, Steve.

LISA33: he keeps forgetting.

MOONBEAM: Maybe I put them on.

LISA33 have it your way, then.

STEVE: I'm pulling them down over your knees.

MOONBEAM: I reach down between your legs.

STEVE: It's getting hard for you.

LIQUIDJOY: Anyone see Barb Wire? Cool movie.

MOONBEAM: I unzip your pants. I stroke it with my hands.

MOONBEAM: I touch it with my lips.

LISA33: sucked, liquid, they're at it again, tag.

TAG: We should try to cool them off. Talk about really unsexy things.

LISA33: jerry falwell.

TAG: Ha.

LISA33: hey, moon, my cat just puked in here, weird timing, huh?

MOONBEAM: Fuck off, Lisa.

TAG: Lisa, I'm going to wake my wife from laughing.

STEVE: I'm thrusting deep inside your mouth.

LISA33: don't wake your wife.

LISA33: i'm having fun.

TAG: Me too.

STEVE: I roll you over on your knees and come up behind you.

TAG: Is he talking to me?

TAG: Don't like that position, Steve.

MOONBEAM: I rub my ass lewdly against you.

TAG: Lisa, where are you from?

LISA33: georgia.

STEVE: Now I'm thrusting inside you.

LIQUIDJOY: You're a Georgia peach.

LISA33: now that's really clever, liquid, nobody's ever said that before.

LIQUIDJOY: Fuck all of you.

LIQUIDJOY: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

LISA33: they're all morons in here, tag.

TAG: So what does it say about us that we're here?

STEVE: I'm thrusting into you slowly.

LISA33: you don't want to know, tag.

LISA33: and neither do i.

MOONBEAM: I want it faster.

TAG: You don't seem like a moron.

LISA33: i'm really touched, tag, that you would say that, you don't seem like a moron either.

LISA33: ... at least not yet.

TAG: Ha.

LISA33: there's still time, of course.

STEVE: I'm fucking you faster now. I'm pushing harder.

LISA33: steve, how do you type so well with one hand?

TAG: So what ARE you wearing?

LISA33: extra-long t-shirt thing, nothing special.

TAG: Bet it looks nice on you.

LISA33: i'll pull it up a bit if you like.

TAG: would you really really?

LISA33: course, there, done.

STEVE: Moonbeam? You there?

TAG: You're kind of wild. Are you as wild as you seem?

LISA33: well... i like sex. is that wild?

TAG: You're not a guy or something, are you?

LISA33: seriously?

TAG: Don't know. You just seem too wild or some- thing to be real.

LISA33: no. not a guy.

STEVE: Moon?

LISA33: wife still asleep?

TAG: I hear some rustling.

LISA33: slip her some nyquil. i want you to stay here.

TAG: Not going anywhere.

STEVE: Fuck. She got booted again. Guess I'll wait a bit.

LISA33: she's gone, Steve, time to go masturbate.

STEVE: HAS *LOGGED OFF*

TAG: Married?

LISA33: i am. he's right here next to me.

TAG: ????

LISA33: s'okay. he's snoring like a fucking thunderstorm.

LISA33: sleeping off another drunk.

TAG: You two get along?

LISA33: i fucking hate him.

TAG: Not really.

LISA33: i really do.

TAG: What's the matter?

LISA33: don't get me started.

LISA33: plus he's here every fucking second.

LISA33: why doesn't he ever go on a business trip?

LISA33: i wish he'd get a job on the international space station.

TAG: Ha.

LISA33: or a nuclear submarine.

LISA33: or maybe that weather station in antarctica where everyone keeps getting cancer.

TAG: Ouch. Sounds a bit harsh.

LISA33: like i said... don't get me started.

TAG: You don't seem like you're from the South somehow.

LISA33: don't type with a southern accent?

TAG: You don't.

LISA33: i don't have that proper bible-belt quality?

TAG: Well... not exactly. No offense.

TAG: So what are you doing in Georgia?

LISA33: dying a long, slow death mainly.

TAG: Poor baby. Should I come rescue you?

LISA33: come now.

TAG: Did you notice there's nobody but us in here now?

LISA33: ooooooooooh. so that's why no one else is saying anything?

TAG: Ha ha. Any kids?

LISA33: one boy. 8. my baby, you?

TAG: Boy. 5.

LISA33: Great age.

TAG: It is. He's the love of my life.

LISA33: hear ya, tag. mine is the only thing that keeps me going.

LISA33: how long married?

TAG: Long.

LISA33: tell me.

TAG: Can't remember. My memory's going.

LISA33: don't be a dick, tell me.

TAG: Ouch.

TAG: I think we married in 1066 AD.

LISA33: ha ha.

TAG: Or was that the Battle of Hastings?

TAG: I get them confused.

LISA33: very amusing, tag. tell me.

TAG: Married 9 years ago.

LISA33: age?

TAG: 34.

HUMBERT: *HAS LOGGED ON*

LISA33: what's a humbert?

TAG: Nabokov character.

LISA33: that was humbert humbert.

TAG: You read books.

LISA33: yeah, kinda sorta remember how to do that.

TAG: I mean real books.

LISA33: casionally.

TAG: You definitely don't seem like a moron.

LISA33: well thanks again tag. that's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

LISA33: i dropped out of two of the best colleges in southwestern georgia, i'll have you know.

LISA33: course there's lots of inbreeding down here.

HUMBERT: Higher education is bullshit.

LISA33: good point, humbug.

LISA33: oh wow. freudian typo, i meant to type hum-bert. wow. really sorry.

HUMBERT: Anyone want sex?

LISA33: i do i do.

TAG: so do i.

HUMBERT: Tag, m or f?

TAG: Male. Interested?

HUMBERT: Fucking faggot.

LISA33: tag, are you gonna let him call you that?

TAG: It's Mr. Fucking Faggot to you.

LISA33: that's telling him.

HUMBERT: So lisa, you want sex?

LISA33: yes humbert. but not with you.

LISA33: i want my vibrator.

TAG: You use a vibrator?

LISA33: used to. cept it's broken.

TAG: That's too bad.

LISA33: gone to vibrator heaven.

LISA33: feel like i've lost my best friend.

HUMBERT: I can beat any vibrator.

MOONBEAM: HAS *LOGGED ON*

TAG: I want real sex.

LISA33: what is that? i can't remember.

TAG: Neither can I.

TAG: It's something you get on your birthday.

LISA33: ha.

MOONBEAM: Steve in here?

LISA33: left ages ago.

MOONBEAM: Fuck.

HUMBERT: Hi Moonbeam.

MOONBEAM: Hi Humbert. Haven't seen you here in a while.

TAG: Wow. it's 2AM. i have to work tomorrow.

LISA33: don't go.

TAG: I'll stay a bit more.

MOONBEAM: I keep getting booted. It's driving me crazy.

TAG: Sounds like your PC might have a virus.

LISA33: probably AIDS.

LISA33: unprotected cybersex.

MOONBEAM: I don't think PCs can get AIDS.

LISA33: well... not usually, but yours could be the exception, have you had any direct exchange of fluids with it?

MOONBEAM: No, Lisa.

LISA33: hmm... this is a tough one. what do you think, tag?

TAG: I don't know. Could be the PC has been fooling around behind her back.

MOONBEAM: You guys both think you're so hilarious. Well, you were no help before.

LISA33: we're sorry moon, really really.

TAG: really.

LISA33: kinda.

HUMBERT: How have you been, Moon?

MOONBEAM: Okay. Working too hard.

HUMBERT: You have a boyfriend?

MOONBEAM: I'm kind of close with Steve.

HUMBERT: You guys exchange pictures?

MOONBEAM: Not yet. Maybe soon.

LISA33: talk to me, tag.

TAG: okay.

LISA33: occupation?

HUMBERT: Moon, you should get a scanner.

TAG: I hate answering that one.

LISA33: how come?

TAG: Just because I'm a lawyer.

LISA33: are you?

HUMBERT: Then you could e-mail your picture.

TAG: But not in my soul.

LISA33: what are you in your soul?

TAG: Gas station attendant.

LISA33: ha.

TAG: Just kidding of course.

MOONBEAM: I suppose I should be naked in the picture?

HUMBERT: Definitely!

TAG: Actually, I think in my soul I'm an unemployed drifter.

LISA33: me too.

TAG You're a Mom.

LISA33: yeah, that's cool.

LISA33: do you do divorces, by any chance?

TAG: Sorry. Corporate law.

LISA33: damn.

LISA33: so do you hate your job? seems like lawyers always hate their jobs.

TAG: Sometimes. It pays the mortgage. And it gets me out of the house.

LISA33: hmm... so let me get this straight...

TAG: Yes?

LISA33: so you stay at work so you can get away from your house... and then you make money at work so you can afford the home you're getting away from by being at work.

TAG: Well... I never really thought of it that way.

LISA33: s'okay, tag. makes perfect sense.

TAG: I think I just kind of got drawn into it.

LISA33: you don't have to explain, tag.

LISA33: i like mindless automatons.

LISA33: really i do.

HUMBERT: Moon, what are you wearing?

MOONBEAM: Nightgown. Nothing under it.

LISA33: see, she's definitely not wearing panties.

TAG: I guess I just don't feel like rushing home sometimes.

LISA33: if you were with me...

TAG: Yes?

LISA33: i'd change that real fast.

TAG: I bet you would.

HUMBERT: My hands are on your shoulders.

MOON Mmm. Feels good.

TAG: I think we're meant for each other.

LISA33: bad marriage?

TAG: Not really. Or maybe yes. Who knows?

HUMBERT: I'm massaging deep into your shoulders.

TAG: Maybe I'm just getting too numb to know anymore.

LISA33: i'd take care of that for you.

TAG: Please do.

LISA33: just have to get rid of our spouses somehow.

TAG: Any ideas?

MOONBEAM: Don't stop, Humbert.

LISA33: poison?

HUMBERT: I'm kissing your neck.

TAG: Yes. Just put them gently to sleep.

MOONBEAM: I feel it in my nipples.

LISA33: or there's always pushing them off a cliff.

HUMBERT: My hands descend toward your breasts.

TAG: Into the crashing ocean?

MOONBEAM: I feel my nipples hardening.

LISA33: perfect, a distant splash, then nothing.

HUMBERT: I'm rubbing against your behind.

TAG: Think I prefer poison.

MOONBEAM: I pull your hands down over my breasts.

LISA33: but what do we do with the bodies?

HUMBERT: My cock is stiffening.

TAG: Hmm... cremation?

MOONBEAM: Fuck me with it.

HUMBERT: I lift the hem of your nightgown.

LISA33: yes! cremation, better for the environment.

HUMBERT: You feel my cock between your legs.

TAG: Most murderers wouldn't think of that.

LISA33: but that's what you like about me. i'm thoughtful about those things.

TAG: I hear my wife now. No kidding. Gotta go soon I think.

LISA33: don't leave me now, tag!

TAG: Can I e-mail you?

LISA33: you better, dammit.

MOONBEAM: Ooooooooooh.

TAG: Write me back?

LISA33: i will.

TAG: Promise?

LISA33: yes.

HUMBERT: I tease your nipples with my fingers.

TAG: I like you. No kidding.

LISA33: like you too.

MOONBEAM: I guide your cock inside me.

TAG: I'll think of you.

LISA33: good, night.

TAG: Sweet dreams.

HUMBERT: I reach down between your legs.

LISA33: you too.

MOONBEAM: My thighs open wide for your hand.

LISA33: HAS LOGGED OFF

TAG: HAS LOGGED OFF

HUMBERT: My hand comes over your pussy.

MOONBEAM: Feels goood.

STEVE: HAS LOGGED ON

HUMBERT: I want you to suck me.

MOONBEAM: Steve!

STEVE: What the fuck is this? I just scrolled up.

MOONBEAM: It's nothing, Steve.

STEVE: Fucking whore!

MOONBEAM: Steve you got me so hot.

STEVE: Fucking whore slut bitch.

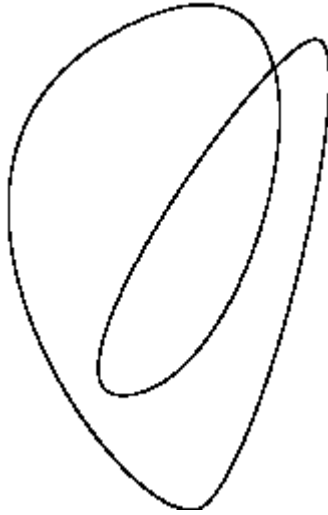
HUMBERT: HAS LOGGED OFF

MOONBEAM: Steve don't! You're the only one.
When you disappeared I...

STEVE: HAS LOGGED OFF

MOONBEAM: FUCK. Steve come back!!!!

CHAPTER 2



10/26/99 09:11 PM

FROM steveo1997@avm.edu

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Sexy Lisa,

So tell me, did it turn you on at all, watching us?
You know that's why I stayed in the room. We
could have gone off to IM. But I stayed for you.
Did it make you jealous? I thought you were trying
to not let it get to you.

You know I want you Lisa. You're the one with
style. I want to undress you with my words. I want
to come up behind you at the computer, put my
hands on your legs, reach up your dress.

When I logged back on, Moonbeam was cybering
away with some other guy Humbert. Well, I'm
through with her. It's you I want anyway.

I'm here for you.

I'm hot for you.

I'm hard for you.

Write me.

STEVE

10/26/99 11:01 PM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO steveo1997@avm.edu

STEVE: ! I'm really really sorry. Honestly, I was just going to tell Humbert I wasn't into it, right when you logged on again. I just let him go on because I didn't want to hurt his feelings. Really. I wasn't even touching myself. Because you're the one that I love. You forgive me, don't you?

I know you do. I hope so anyway. Because I really really have to tell you what's happening here.

Do you mind? Are things okay between us?

Because things here are really crazy. My husband's been after me like every second. I can't do anything right. I don't discipline the kids. I'm always on the computer. The house is a shithole.

Meanwhile, our washing machine is broken and I can't find anyone to fix it and I've just been folding clothes that look half-clean and putting them back in the dresser. And then yesterday I did something even worse, I sort of purposely walked over his dirty shirt before I put it away. It was just lying there in my way and I thought, fuck it, I'm not getting out of the way for his fucking shirt. Plus I've been cooking frozen dinners. Stouffer's crap. I just can't handle the kitchen. I did make one thing that was really cool though. I made this lemon Jell-O dish with this canned fruit floating in it—peaches and pears. Anyway, there was something about the way the fruit was suspended, and the Jell-O color. I spent like five minutes just staring at it and I completely forgot where I was. Like, I could see how if you were on mushrooms or mescaline or something it could be really trippy. I even thought how if you could get the Jell-O to

harden really hard you could shape it into really cool jewelry, cause it's so shiny.

Well, the drug years are long over for me, aren't they? I'm reliving them through you now.

Does it bother you that I'm older than you? You know what I really want to do, Steve. I want to leave everything behind and take you and your guitar and run away with you.

Can I tell you one more thing? It's really strange and I've never told anyone. Well, Joey's been climbing into bed with us in the middle of the night—nightmares and stuff. My husband hates it, says I encourage it. Well, sometimes when Joey snuggles up next to me I actually—this is the part I would never ever tell a soul, except you that is—I actually feel like this tingling. Like I'm a little aroused. Isn't that sick?

Well that's the news from CA.

I love you.

Write me.

Your Moonbeam.

10/27/99 12:04 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO steveo1997@avm.edu

hi steve. course i enjoyed watching, but no, i wasn't jealous, sounds interesting, your visiting me at my computer, stay hard for me steve. cause you never know.

lisa

10/27/99 10:24 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Are you there? Is this really going to work? I've never done anything like this before—never used web e-mail. I want to say something really silly like, "if you don't get this e-mail, let me know." Well, I guess I have to assume you're going to get it though it seems hard to believe somehow. So what do you say in these e-mails? I am a newbie. I admit it.

Am I supposed to write sexual stuff? What I would do with you? I don't think I can jump into that. Not that I don't have those thoughts about you. I definitely do. Just not ready to type them out, I don't think.

I want to tell you more about myself, but I'm a bit uncomfortable with that too. I don't really know you. What if you really are a guy? Don't you worry about that stuff ever?

Well, I can tell you you don't have to worry about me. I am completely sane. Really. I am married. I vote. I recycle. I garden.

Those are my sanity credentials. Actually, everything would be going completely fine here except that the CIA recently planted a micro-processor in my rectum, which immediately began sending radio signals from the planet Nebula instructing me to... what was I saying? Oh yeah. I am completely normal.

Is this e-mail a total failure? Will you write me?
Do. Once I know you are really receiving these, I
will write something better.

Your newest admirer,

Tag

10/28/99 11:01 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hey there, sugar, i have to say, tag, you've got the
absolute dumbest e-mail address i have ever seen,
what's this AABBCC? is that the best you can do?
i really don't know about you, newbie.

but i liked your e-mail, course i know you're not a
psycho, i can just tell, that's why i've never had a
problem with the net, whereas so many others
have.

i promise i am not a guy. tell me about yourself,
where do you live? tell me all about you. and don't
keep those sexual thoughts all to yourself, they
sound interesting.

i like you too.

lisa

10/29/99 11:22 AM

FROM liquidjoy@earthbridge.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

LISA33: Lisa Lisa. How's it going? What are you wearing? Click on the pic. Are you looking at it? That's what I'm going to do with you.

10/29/99 11:02 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

You replied! I can't believe it! It was incredible just to see you there in my inbox: LISA33.

I feel so devious though doing this. My wife is still up. She could come downstairs any minute. And when I hear her through the ceiling just walking around upstairs my heart starts beating faster. I suppose I could tell myself I am not really doing anything so terrible. But my conscience sure doesn't feel like it.

I think I feel a little strange still telling you about myself. Who am I really writing to? It's all so bizarre.

Because really you still scarcely exist. You have no voice and no physical shape and no touch and no smell. No dimensions. You are just words that appear on my computer screen. Isn't that strange, that I could "like" a bunch of words that appear on my screen, and "not like" a bunch of other words, and think of the words that I like, collectively, as LISA33, and treat them as though they are someone?

Are you someone?

Maybe I am overanalyzing. You don't want to hear about this, do you? You want my fantasy about

you. I'll try. Soon. Don't give up on me. What if it turns you off though? Or offends you?

Also, you asked me more about my life. I guess I'm a bit scared of telling you much. You know how easily my career, or my marriage could be ruined. Not that I'm saying you would ever do anything, or there is even anything between us or... you know what I'm saying. But I can't help thinking about it. I hardly know you.

I'll look for you at the chat room.

I'm thinking of you.

Write me.

Tag

10/31/99 07:31 AM

FROM humbert@hotmail.com

TO moonbeam@hotmail.com

Hi. It's me, Humbert. (My real name is Kip (actually, my real, real name is Kenneth).) Got your e-mail address from your profile before I logged off. So I guess you had a thing with that Steve guy, huh. Oh well. Sorry about that. Just wanted to say I had fun the other night—until we got interrupted. Can we finish sometime? I'll IM you. If that's okay?

10/31/99 11:02 PM FROM
moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO humbert@hotmail.com

Hi Humbert / Kip / Kenneth. Don't worry about Steve. I'm getting over him. Maybe it was a good thing, what happened, because it ended it just when we were kind of getting on each other's nerves. I liked you too. Write me. Or IM me. I would like that.

MOONBEAM: .

11/01/99 10:17 PM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO steveo1997@avm.edu

STEVE: you haven't written me back. I really miss you. You're not still mad at me over Humbert, are you? I swear I will never talk to him again, Steve. Because you're the one I love.

I've been thinking how much I want to meet you. I could do it, too. Just set it up with my sister and say I'm flying out to meet with her. She'd cover for me.

Come back to me. I'll be good to you.

Love,

MOONBEAM: .

11/02/99 11:42 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

LISA33: baby, It's been four days and I haven't heard from you again. Plus I've been looking for you at Literoticus.

Where have you gone? Lisa, don't disappear on me. Don't vanish back into the ether. Not when I'm just developing a crush. Come out. Reveal yourself.

I do like you. Have I told you that? It's true. In a way it seems ridiculous. You don't exist. What is it that I like?

But I do.

Write me.

Tag.

11/04/99 01:42 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

oh tag... my husband has been completely freaking over how much time I'm spending on the net, so writing has been tough... and also... sometimes i don't have much to say, and your e-mails are witty and then i have nothing to say back... i'm pretty unhappy these days... we just scream at each other, right in front of michael (my boy), we can't even go out anymore, we go out with other couples and we wind up making a scene, i just want to be alone, only i have no money and i don't... you don't want to hear this, write me again, tag darling, tell me a story, i like the way you write, tell me about your life so i'll

know what mine would be like if i hadn't fucked it up so badly, write me anything.

i'll try to get back online soon.

lisa

p.s. still waiting on that sexual fantasy of yours, what are you afraid of? stop worrying, you can't offend me. it's impossible, i like everything.

11/06/99 11:51 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

My darling Lisa,

So sorry about your situation. I'd like to know more about it. I wish I could help you somehow. Well, I'll try to write you something, but I have no idea how it will turn out, or what you'll think of it, or if I'll have the nerve to send it. It is true though, and will tell you a bit about me. And maybe it will divert you for a moment or two. If you find it boring then just skip it and don't read it.

It begins here (neat transition, huh?):

We live north of Boston, one of those self-consciously quaint New England towns—freshly painted white fences and a town green with a bandstand, and an ice cream shop that calls itself a creamery. (We're supposedly just two towns over from John Updike, although I don't know anyone who has actually seen him and I'm honestly not sure whether he really exists or is a just fictional creation of some novelist, perhaps John Updike

himself or perhaps some other writer who writes about New England writers.)

Well, Sunday was parade day in our town (I'm not ready to tell you the name of it), and that is what I am going to describe. The theme of this year's parade was "Togetherness." (Of course they always pick really controversial issues for these parades. I think for next year's parade I will suggest, "Ratification of the GATT" for the theme. Or else, possibly, "Ethnics Go Home.")

This last observation is really quite unfair and not what I want to say at all. It's a pretty conservative, homogeneous town, but mostly the people are nice. And really the parade experience was remarkably affecting—that is what I'm going to describe: one of those perfect fall days, blue skies traversed by little white cloudlets, and chilly gusts that send the leaves flying, orange and yellow, out of the trees and swirling everywhere, and people crowding all along the sidewalks. You take your child's hand and walk up to the parade together—past the Methodist church (this week's sermon, "The Meaning Of Gratitude"), past the smiling old lady walking her dog, and onto Main Street. And without even realizing you have chosen a spot, suddenly there you are, there at your place along the parade route, child on your shoulders, his small hands wrapped around your fingers, holding on, and you hear it in the distance: at first just a low rumbling, a drumming, faint music, then swept off in a gust, and then there again, slightly louder, closer, band music, and then suddenly in front of you, blaring, loud, The Veterans Of Korea 102nd Division Marching Band, in full splendor. And you feel your son bouncing on your shoulders, feel his excitement above you, and the rest passes by you magically, like you are in a dream—clowns on unicycles, sparkling red fire engines, the banners,

“Tina’s Dance Studio—40 Years,” and then behind it the dance troupe of eight-year-old ballerinas, knobby-kneed, off-balance, twirling, the float from the local florist shop—pink-and-white mums, the balding politician waving from an antique convertible, and your son wrapping his little hands in your hair, and then a musket battalion, a wagon pulled by Clydesdales, another marching band, full of sour notes, from the middle school.

It feels like it’s all happening in a dream. But the strange thing is this: it actually brings a tear to your eye. Because you know that even though you live there, even though it is your home and you are a part of it, in your heart you know you don’t belong there, you never will belong there, because you can never be a part of something that innocent and that perfect. There is no point in mocking the place or the people because the problem is not with them. It is with you. You don’t belong.

And so when the fly-over arrives, the grand finale, and the old-fashioned bombers dip down over main street, streaming smoke behind them in red and white and blue, you can’t help imagining real bombs falling, the people scattering, the screaming and mayhem, the dead and the wounded scattered about the street, the moaning, the ambulances, the tears to go with your own.

Then it’s over. You head home, carrying your son because suddenly he has stepped in front of you and reached his arms up and looked up pleadingly—too tired to walk.

And at home you see your wife and you see that this is where she is happy, where she should be, and you know you will never be rid of that feeling. You are alone with it and you will never be able to express it and it will always be with you.

Well, Lisa, was this a total failure? Not very diverting, I'm afraid. I think I will, in fact, send it though, because I like the idea of just being able to say anything here.

Feel better.

I'm thinking of you.

Tag

11/12/99 10:41 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

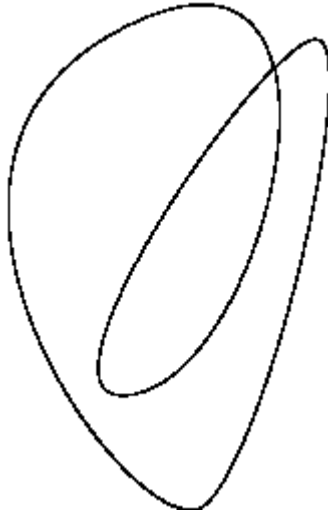
TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Lisa, Been a week. Are you still out there? You hated my e-mail. You must have. It was absurd. Forgive me. Don't go away. Come back to me.

Still thinking of you.

Tag

CHAPTER 3



☐ 11/14/99 11:31 PM
<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html>

SATISH11: Are you being mad at me?

SANDYDEE: Why would I be mad?

SATISH11: You didn't say hello when I logged on.

SANDYDEE: Someone was IMing me.

SATISH11: I do imagine that you are very pretty.

SANDYDEE: Thank you.

SATISH11: I very much like black hair.

SANDYDEE: Well, I do have that.

MOONBEAM HAS *LOGGED ON*

MOONBEAM: What's up in here?

TAG: Moon, how are you?

SATISH11: Sandy, if your eyes were a melody they would be playing the Moonlight Sonata.

MOONBEAM: Hi Tag. What are you doing?

TAG: Very little.

SANDYDEE: Wow. Never heard that one before.

TAG: How have you been?

MOONBEAM: Good. I think. You?

TAG: Okay. Anyone seen Lisa33?

SANDYDEE: She was here earlier, Tag.

SATISH11: Your breast size?

SATISH11: Sandy?

SANDYDEE: Why would I tell you my breast size?

TAG: When was she here?

SATISH11: I am just trying to be completing the picture.

SANDYDEE: Afternoon I think, Tag. With GOODBAR.

TAG: Hmm.

SATISH11: I am visualizing you, Sandy.

MOONBEAM: So can I tell you something, Tag?

TAG: Sure.

MOONBEAM: I'm going to meet someone in person I met online.

TAG: You mean meet in real life????!

SANDYDEE: Satish, did I ask you your penis size?

SATISH11: That is a different thing.

MOONBEAM: Yes, Tag. For real. I have the airplane tickets.

TAG: Anyone I know?

MOONBEAM: Don't want to say. I'm pretending I'm visiting my sister.

TAG: Wow. That's huge.

SANDYDEE: How is asking your penis size different from you asking my breast size?

SATISH11: Because breast size is part of one's appearances. Penis size is not.

MOONBEAM: It's time to try it. I've been thinking about it for so long.

TAG: What if he's not like you expect? Don't you worry about that?

MOONBEAM: I believe I know him.

SATISH11: If I saw you I would know your breast size. It is not secret. But you would not know my penis size.

TAG: She would if you were really huge, Satish.

SANDYDEE: Well I don't feel like typing my breast size.

TAG: So Moon, been here much lately?

MOONBEAM: Yes. A good deal.

TAG: Seen Lisa much?

MOONBEAM: She was on the other night.

TAG: Have you exchanged pictures with this guy you're going to meet?

MOONBEAM: I think that would destroy the anticipation.

TAG: Or it could save you a lot of airfare.

SATISH11: Fine. Then do not please tell me your breast size. I am a medical student. To me it is just a factual, anatomical question.

SANDYDEE: Tell me more about my eyes, Satish.

MOONBEAM: I don't need his picture. I'm attracted to his mind.

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED ON*

LISA33: what's up in here?

TAG: Lisa!

LISA33: tag baby

TAG: Lisa Lisa Lisa

LISA33: ooooh i like the way you say that.

TAG: Lisa I need to talk to you.

SANDYDEE: Satish?

TAG: Did you get my e-mails?

LISA33: i did. i loved the long one.

LISA33: never had one that long before.

LISA33: felt so good!

TAG: Seriously though... did you really like the long one?

SATISH11: I am thinking of something to say with regarding your eyes.

LISA33: course i liked it, silly.

LISA33: you're no updike, tag.

LISA33: but then, he's no tag.

MOONBEAM: Hi Lisa.

TAG: You didn't write back.

LISA33: hi moon, bad at that, tag.

LISA33: started to write something, had nothing to say.

TAG: I thought you must have hated my stupid, pedantic writing.

LISA33: i loved your stupid, pedantic writing.

TAG: ha ha.

SANDYDEE: Okay, Satish. I'll ask you questions and you have to answer honestly.

SATISH11I am awaiting your questions, Sandy.

SANDYDEE: What is the most romantic place you can think of to make love?

SATISH11: The beach. Under the stars. The ocean bathing in moonlight.

SANDYDEE: Nice.

LISA33: tried that once, got covered in flea bites or something.

TAG: Lisa, talk to ME.

LISA33: not alone baby, stay here.

TAG: Okay.

TAG: Moon was just telling me how she's going to visit a guy she met online.

MOONBEAM: I am.

LISA33: going to have cybersex in person?

MOONBEAM: Real sex. I hope.

LISA33: forgot about real sex. do people still do that?

MOONBEAM: I hope so.

TAG: Moon, when you get back . . .

MOONBEAM: Yes?

TAG: You have to log on and tell us how it was.

LISA33: if you're still alive.

TAG: Ha.

LISA33: you guys were all thinking that, right?

LISA33: only i was the only one who said it.

SANDYDEE: Okay, Satish. What would you do if we were in a bar together and suddenly the lights went out?

SATISH11: I would be lighting a match??

TAG: pathetic answer, Satish.

LISA33: come on, satish, you'd grab her tits.

MOONBEAM: Lisa, you're evil.

TAG: And yet amusing.

LISA33: it's all for you sugar.

SATISH11: I'd look into your eyes, by the light of my match.

SANDYDEE: Sounds nice.

LISA33: i'd want to be grabbed.

MOONBEAM: Me too.

LISA33: specially if it were you, tag.

SANDYDEE: I would definitely not want to be "grabbed."

LISA33: sorry sandy, just trying to help

SANDYDEE: Well you're not helping.

LISA33: ouch.

SANDYDEE: Tell me about our first date.

LISA33: this is cool, this is like the dating game.

MOONBEAM: You're dating yourself, Lisa. The 90s version was Singled Out.

LISA33: you're intelligencing yourself, moon. Singled Out sucked.

SATISH11 Candlelight dinner. Moonlight walk. Porch- light conversation.

MOONBEAM: I know Singled Out sucked, Lisa.

TAG: You're really into lighting, Satish.

LISA33: Satish, will you just grab her already?

SANDYDEE: Stop it, Lisa. I do not want him to grab me.

HEATHCLIFF2 *HAS LOGGED ON*

SANDYDEE: I yearn for romance... the dance of courtship. The ruffling of feathers. Bouquets of flowers. The gentle step by step of wooing.

LISA33: hey sandy, know where to get a real easy fuck?

SANDYDEE: That's not funny, Lisa.

MOONBEAM: Tag.

LISA33: it is too funny.

TAG: Yes, Moon?

MOONBEAM: TAG!!!

SANDYDEE: I think you're all really immature.

TAG: Yes, Moon.

MOONBEAM: I'd want Tag to grab me too.

MOONBEAM: Why do the best guys always go for Lisa?

LISA33: tag and i are just pals, aren't we tag?

TAG: Not even.

SATISH11: Are you sure you are not being mad at me, Sandy?

TAG: You know I don't mean that Lisa.

SANDYDEE: Yes, I'm sure. Why would I be?

LISA33: course, just stay here.

TAG: I will.

TAG: Okay, Satish...

TAG: You're stranded on a desert island with a sumo wrestler, a sheep and an inflatable doll. Which do you get off with?

HEATHCLIFF2 *HAS LOGGED OFF*

LISA33: they don't ask that on the dating game.

SATISH11: May I swim to the shore?

TAG: Too far. You'd drown.

LISA33: i'd go for the inflatable doll.

LISA33: sheep are overrated.

TAG: Do they make guy inflatable dolls?

LISA33: i don't know, where would you inflate them?

LISA33: you're not thinking i meant... there?

SATISH11: I asked previously about your breast size. For this you are being mad.

SANDYDEE: I'M NOT MAD AT YOU.

TAG: I think she's getting mad at you, Satish.

SANDYDEE: I'M NOT GETTING MAD.

TAG: I'm getting vibes.

STEVE: *HAS LOGGED ON*

STEVE: Hi everyone.

LISA33: hi steve.

TAG: I think I'd stick with the inflatable too.

LISA33: tag, we're so much alike, it's scary.

TAG: It is. We're the same person.

STEVE: Moon, you look beautiful.

TAG: She's beaming.

MOONBEAM: Steve!

STEVE: Thanks for the mail, Lisa.

SANDYDEE: Satish: Favorite season?

STEVE: Lisa's looking sexy tonight.

LISA33: doubt it, steve.

SATISH11: The withered leaves of fall.

MOONBEAM: Tag, I want you.

TAG: This is getting too weird.

LISA33: Satish, favorite hand?

STEVE: Lisa, what are you wearing?

LISA33: tag, we're being attacked.

SANDYDEE: Lisa, bud out already.

LISA33: uh... i think it's "butt out."

SANDYDEE: I like autumn too.

SATISH11: Sitting closely by the fireplace.

TAG: Weren't Moon and Steve together last time?

MOONBEAM: We have an open relationship now.

TAG: This place is crazy.

MOONBEAM: So Tag, do you have any girlfriends?

TAG: Well... no real ones.

FREAKED HAS LOGGED ON

TAG: Just... my inflatable doll.

FREAKED Can someone help me? I'm really losing it.

TAG: I'm taking her on vacation next week .

LISA33: what's the prob, freaked?

MOONBEAM: Who?

SATISH11: I'll write you, Sandy.

TAG: The inflatable.

LIQUIDJOY: ***HAS LOGGE D ON***

LIQUIDJOY: Lovely Lisa.

FREAKED I got really drunk last night and...

LISA33: And?

LIQUIDJOY: Say hi, Lisa.

LISA33: hi.

FREAKED And I woke up this morning with another guy.

LIQUIDJOY: You're a faggot, Freaked.

MOONBEAM: I dated a guy who was bi.

LISA33: so what's the prob, freaked?

FREAKED I'm completely freaking out now.

LISA33: sex is sex, freaked, enjoy it.

FREAKED But what about my parents?

LIQUIDJOY Faggot.

SANDYDEE: Okay, Satish. I'll look for your mail.

STEVE: This room is too crowded.

LISA33: liquid's got a problem.

LIQUIDJOY: You're all faggots.

TAG: You should talk to a therapist, Freaked.
Beats looking for advice in this place.

LIQUIDJOY: FUCK YOU LISA.

MOONBEAM: Steve, I'll write you.

TAG: They're all insane here anyway.

FREAKED But that costs \$\$\$.

MOONBEAM: Do you think about girls or guys
when you come, freaked?

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

FREAKED I don't know. I thought it was girls.
But now I'm not sure.

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LISA33: gee that's clever, liquid, you know how to hit enter.

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

SANDYDEE: This is ridiculous.

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LISA33: fuck off liquid.

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

TAG: Stop doing that.

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

GOODBAR: *HAS LOGGED ON*

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

MOONBEAM: Fucking stop it, Liquid.

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

GOODBAR: What's going on?

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LISA33: liquid's being a dickhead.

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

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LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

LIQUIDJOY: HOMOS

11/14/99 11:57 PM

<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html/pvt11>

TAG: *LISA33 HAS INVITED YOU TO A PRIVATE CHAT.*

LISA33: hi there baby.

TAG: Lisa? Is that you?

LISA33: it's me.

TAG: Where are we?

LISA33: i PMed you. private messaging, we have our own private room.

TAG: It's kind of cozy.

LISA33: my husband finally went off to sleep.

TAG: I've been thinking about you.

LISA33: have you really, that's good.

TAG: Too much, actually.

LISA33: not possible, can't think about me too much.

TAG: You never wrote me back.

LISA33: I'm sorry, i'm so bad. i figured I'd find you here.

TAG: You wrote Steve.

LISA33: hmm... was that wrong?

TAG: No. I was just... wondering.

LISA33: so you think steve and i have something going?

TAG: Then Sandydee said you were with someone Goodbar or something earlier.

LISA33: oh, he's always bothering me.

LISA33: boy are you jealous.

TAG: Maybe.

LISA33: don't be jealous, they don't mean anything. they both PMed me and i ignored them, cause i wanted you.

TAG: Really?

LISA33: course.

TAG: I don't like this. I want you to be mine. I hate other guys chatting with you.

LISA33: you're cute.

TAG: You can have real sex with your husband.
Since you don't like it. And that's it.

LISA33: can i masturbate?

TAG: If you are thinking about me.

LISA33: can i use my pocket rocket?

TAG: what's that?

LISA33: vibrator, silly.

TAG: Hmm... thought it was broken.

LISA33: well, i might take into the repair shop.

TAG: Do you really think they have vibrator repair shops?

LISA33: course. American Vibrator Repair, you mean you haven't heard of it?

TAG: Seriously?

LISA33: it's a joke, tag.

LISA33: but i could always buy a new vibrator.

TAG: You can buy the extra-small size.

LISA33: i don't think they make an extra-small size, not much market for that.

TAG: I guess not.

LISA33: so how do you plan to enforce this?

TAG: I'm going to install Net-Nanny on your computer.

LISA33: i see.

TAG: Plus I'm going to order you a chador on the internet which you must wear from now on outside the house.

LISA33: make sure to get my size.

TAG: I will.

LISA33: you don't want me being seen in a tight-fitting chador.

TAG: Don't even think about it.

LISA33: you'd do all that for me?

TAG: I would.

LISA33: you're sweet, tag. i like you.

TAG: I like you too.

LISA33: i really liked your e-mail, baby, no kidding, it was sweet.

TAG: I think I just wanted to show you I wasn't a mindless automaton.

LISA33: i already told you, tag. i like mindless automatons, it's part of your charm.

LISA33: besides... you know i never really thought you were one.

TAG: Good.

LISA33: i just meant you live like one.

TAG: Hmm...

LISA33: will you keep writing?

TAG: I'll try. But you have to write me back.

LISA33: i know, i'm so bad. will you just come rescue me?

TAG: Can I be your male inflatable doll?

LISA33: absolutely, i promise to treat you like an object.

TAG: Will you inflate me?

LISA33: constantly

TAG: I'm coming.

LISA33: wow, that was fast, didn't even know you were touching yourself.

TAG: Ha ha. I mean I'm coming to Georgia.

LISA33: good, you can fuck me any way you like.

TAG: You're crazy. Are you really that wild in person?

LISA33: pretty much.

TAG: I like you.

LISA33: good.

TAG: What are you wearing?

LISA33: bathrobe, nothing else. TAG Is it open in the front?

LISA33 a bit. want me to open it more?

TAG: Maybe.

LISA33: there.

TAG: Are you touching yourself?

LISA33: i can be.

LISA33: want me to?

TAG: Hmm...

LISA33: course you do, tag. come on. just say it.

TAGOkay. I do.

LISA33: there, just started.

TAG: You're crazy.

LISA33: just a nympho is all.

TAG: So what do you like?

LISA33: you mean sexually?

TAG: Yes. LISA33 i told you. i like everything, you don't believe me.

LISA33: i want you to see me.

LISA33: i wish it were you touching me.

LISA33: touching me everywhere.

TAG: Wish you were here.

LISA33: i want you to fuck me, tag.

TAG: mmmm.

LISA33: fuck my mouth.

LISA33: fuck me everywhere.

LISA33: oh tag

TAG: I like the way you type.

LISA33: feels good.

LISA33: faster.

TAG: Lisa?

TAG: Still there?

TAG: Lisa lisa lisa?

LISA33: yyyyyyyyyy

TAG: Lisa baby?

LISA33: fuuuuuuuuu

TAG: Lisa?

TAG: ????

TAG: Guess I'll just wait a bit.

TAG: ?

LISA33: ohhhhhh that was good, i'm back.

TAG: you came?

LISA33: yeah. phew, you didn't participate.

TAG: Was I supposed to?

LISA33: course you were, silly, it's more fun that way.

TAG: Sorry.

LISA33: didn't you want to?

TAG: I guess so. Maybe.

LISA33: you guess so?

TAG: I think I liked watching.

LISA33: you gotta participate, baby, it's like we're together that way.

LISA33: then you kept asking where i was. where did you think i was?

TAG: I just wasn't sure.

LISA33: i have to say, tag...

TAG: Yes?

LISA33: you're lucky you're cute.

LISA33: anyway, my brain's back.

LISA33: can think about something besides sex now.

LISA33: for at least five or ten minutes.

TAG: Speaking of which... I forgot to ask you...

LISA33: what?

TAG: How's your life?

LISA33: oh that.

LISA33: well he hasn't thrown away the computer yet. I hate what he does to michael though.

LISA33: he just starts yelling at me till michael's crying.

TAG: Why don't you leave him?

LISA33: no money and no formal education, i'm fucked.

TAG: Well you're intelligent, obviously.

LISA33: ooh. okay... well i guess i'll just say that on my job application, i'm sure that would work.

LISA33: plus most of the jobs i could possibly apply for down here they're probably too stupid to notice.

LISA33: did i tell you i'm a high school drop-out?

TAG: I thought you said college.

LISA33: that too. i got this equivalency diploma, started college, quit again.

LISA33: too boring, just couldn't do it.

TAG: Maybe you were too intelligent for the classes you were taking.

LISA33: or else i was just too horny to concentrate.

TAG: Thought you came already.

LISA33 that was ages ago.

LISA33: the other reason i can't leave him...

TAG: Yes?

LISA33: is i'd be afraid of what he'd tell michael about me when he's drunk, at least this way i can keep an eye on him.

TAG: How's your son doing? At school, etc.?

LISA33: he's doing real well so far. thank god. i hope he doesn't fuck up like i did.

LISA33: he's all into math and computers, not what you'd expect from a child of mine.

TAG: It's good though.

LISA33: he's actually a bit nerdy, if anything, but i love it.

LISA33: i swear i want him to stay just like that, long as he keeps doing well in school.

TAG: Mind talking about this?

LISA33: no i like it.

TAG: He's not interested in girls yet I guess.

LISA33: no way. he's gonna be late in that way i think.

LISA33: i know it bothers him that he's not good at sports, but honestly if he keeps doing well and doesn't screw up like i did that's all i care about.

LISA33: you're not interested in this, i'm sorry.

TAG: I am. TAG: But can i ask you something?

LISA33: C-cup, 34"

TAG: Ha ha.

LISA33: what is it?

TAG: Would you ever give me your phone #?

LISA33: don't think so. at least not now.

LISA33: i never know when he's going to be home. plus I like this.

TAG: Typing gets tiring.

LISA33: but you love me.

LISA33: so you don't mind.

TAG: Do I?

LISA33: course you do.

TAGWill you write something about yourself? I still hardly know anything about you.

LISA33: i will if you send me that fantasy you keep hinting about.

TAGWhat if you don't like it? What if it offends you?

LISA33: dammit, tag. i like everything, i can't be offended.

TAGI'll try.

LISA33: say, "I'll send you my fantasy."

TAGThinking...

LISA33: type it!

TAGWow this is scary.

LISA33: type it now!

TAGOkay okay. I'll send you my fantasy.

LISA33: there, phew.

LISA33: put that prose of yours to something useful... getting me off.

LISA33: should be pretty easy actually.

TAGI'll try.

LISA33: i want a nice big e-mail in my inbox.

TAGI'd love to see that inbox of yours.

LISA33: i want you to see my inbox.

TAGBut the deal is you have to write me back and tell me more about your life. Your childhood or something.

LISA33: i thought you weren't really a lawyer in your soul.

TAGHmm. Maybe I am. So is it a deal?

LISA33: whatever, tag. okay, i'll write you something.

TAGPromise?

LISA33: do i have to?

LISA33: yes. i promise.

TAG: I like you.

LISA33: i like you too.

LISA33: you need to go now. you have work to do.

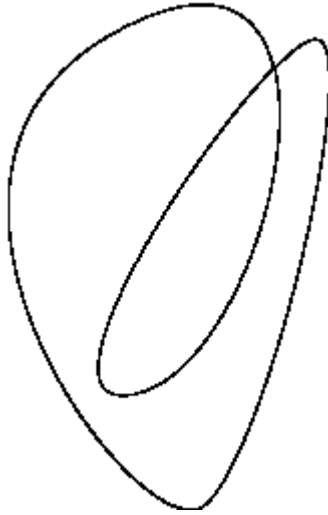
TAGGuess I should.

LISA33: sweet dreams.

TAG: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

LISA33 HAS LOGGED OFF

CHAPTER 4



☐☐ 11/25/99 06:13 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO lisa33@earthbridge.com

So where do I send the flowers?

Well, chatting with you was wonderful. Only now I really can't stop thinking about you:

LISA33: .

Legs apart.

Touching herself.

That is the image I can't stop thinking about. You drift endlessly through my thoughts. I'm on a train and the world is racing past and you are just there, out there, hand between your legs. Or at night, in my mind, you kneel before me. You go down on me. You vanish.

So do you realize we've known each other for a month now?

I asked my son if he was excited that Thanksgiving was tomorrow, and he said, "Well, you mean the FIRST day of Thanksgiving. There's two days in Thanksgiving," and I said, "Really?" and he said, "The first day is to thank the native Americans and the second day is to give thanks to the turkeys." I'm not sure where he got this, but I saw no point in disagreeing. Who could fail to appreciate the beauty of thanking the turkeys once

a year by eating them? Also, can you believe a five-year-old talking about Native Americans instead of Indians? Five-year-olds are all such good liberals, aren't they? I just hope I don't have to play cowboys and Native Americans with him. I can just see it—me, the cowboy, “Bang, I got you.” And my son, in Indian costume, “You have killed all of our buffalo and destroyed all of our land. Now, please leave our casino.”

Am I trying to forestall the task at hand? This is supposed to be my fantasy e-mail. Actually, I just wrote this really artsy fantasy out, all about how my phallus is a divining rod, searching for that warm, deep wellspring between your legs, blah blah blah, and then I just deleted the whole thing. It was supposed to get my writing going—ease me into it gradually or something. Only now I see it was really a sort of self-deception—a way of distancing myself from the fantasy I am supposed to confess. I am still filtering my thoughts. Well, from here on I am just going to type and hit SEND. I am not going to think.

Here it is. My Lisa Fantasy.

You are there, amazed at yourself, really there. You are standing in the lobby of a strange hotel in a strange city, about to meet a man you have never seen before, have only exchanged letters, words with, and yet have thought of a thousand times. And now it is happening. Everything you put on in this morning, your panties, your bra, your black silk dress, your heels, were for him. In your mind he was already looking at you, touching you, as you dressed. And now you are there in the lobby, waiting for him, looking at the clock, nervous, your dress just a bit too tight, too sheer, too revealing to wear in public, so you can feel all of those men's eyes on you, the backs of your legs,

your rear in that dress, and you see yourself through their eyes, the crease of your dress swishing over your behind as you walk, swishing back and forth with each step like a windshield wiper.

Then he sees you. He is looking at you. You know it is him because he doesn't avert his eyes at all when you look back. Just takes you in and comes toward you and exchanges greetings. What can one say at such a meeting? He tells you you are beautiful and you thank him and you feel his eyes all over you, looking you up and down, and you feel naked and nervous and half-excited. You think, don't say too much. Don't spoil it. Just want me.

Then you are in the hotel restaurant with him. You are drinking wine and laughing and feeling good, getting along well, because now the conversation is flowing, the wine is flowing, the room is beginning to spin. You've had too much to drink. Only why call it too much? Why not call it just the right amount? Because it feels good. Everything is swimming and you are a thousand miles away from your life and you aren't self-conscious at all anymore about what you are wearing. You feel excited by it. Let them look if they want to.

And then, in the middle of the conversation there is that touch, just the faintest touch of his toe under the table, against your calf, running up and down it, but you feel it everywhere, tingling, all the way up your legs and under your dress. Because he could have taken your hand in his. But he didn't. He wanted you to feel it up your legs, the insides of your legs, up to your panties. And then his toe is sliding up your calf, up to your knee, and you uncross your legs for him, offer him more of your leg, feel it inch higher, up to your thigh. You want

it to hurry, to get there, only it is just touching your thigh, just the faintest sensation, under your dress, and above the table you are still trying to act poised, only you want him to hurry, and the room is spinning, and that faint sensation along your leg is all you can think about, is driving you insane, and he is still talking to you only he knows you can't answer any longer, you can't concentrate, all you can think about is wanting that foot to climb higher up your leg. And then it does, it is all the way up your thigh, against your crotch, massaging the front of your panties, and you are slouched back, legs forward, suddenly realizing you are rocking your hips, inhaling, arching your back so your breasts are taut against your dress, and you are feeling those eyes around you and the room is spinning and you are thinking stop, only you don't want it to stop, you feel his toes along the edge of your panties, inside them, stroking you between your legs, and you are taut and twisting, aware of your dress pulling each way, of the room swimming and all the eyes on you and not even sure of what of you is covered and what is showing and thinking fucking stop goddammit and not wanting it to stop, and then aware of getting up from the table, of someone paying and the two of you stumbling, wrapped around each other, to the elevator, the two of you alone inside the elevator and the floor number lit and his hands all over your body, over your breasts and under your dress and inside you, and then the elevator is stopped, he has stopped it between floors, and you see yourself in the mirrored elevator wall, dress lifted up to your shoulders, bra pulled abruptly down, and his hands reaching around from behind you, grabbing everywhere, and your panties are down and his cock is pressing against your bare behind, rubbing itself against you, and you want to say something, stop, or please let's get to the room, or something, only you never seem to catch up, each time you

want to break off he is doing something else, something that feels way too good, that can't be stopped, and the floor is tilting, you are off balance, and his hand is inside you, and you think yes, do it, deeper, and then his cock is there, he is fucking you, and you think oh my god what if the elevator isn't really stopped, what if the doors open, and you want to stop him, only now it is too late, you are lost, because now he is fucking you, you are on your knees and your elbows and he is fucking from behind and you don't even know how you got there but you know there is no stopping it, you just want it faster, harder, you want him fucking you, that is all you know — your spread legs, his cock, his fucking—because now it doesn't matter where you are because you are insane with wanting it, you have no will any longer, you are something that is fucked, you are his cock's, and you remember those men in the lobby, in the restaurant, and now you want all of them, all of those cocks, rubbing you, pressing into you, against your face, in your mouth, fucking you, only this one feels so fucking good, you want to say something, “fuck me hard,” or just, “fuck me,” or just anything, only you are one step behind again, because there are no words any longer, just breathing, panting, fucking, faster, faster, you are mad, you are coming, you are calling, moaning, wailing, panting, rolling over, exposed, dripping semen, spread open, catching your breath.

Then you are walking with him out of the elevator, down the hall to the room, and the hall is empty, and you are aroused again. His eyes are looking over your body and you are showing it to him, lifting your dress up for him, not because he has asked you to but because you know he wants you to and you know you will do what he wants you to do, you will be there for him, as though—dare you admit it?—he owns you, he owns all of the most

private parts of your body, his organ owns you,
you are there for it, as though, somehow, you
entered the elevator a separate person, attracted to
him, wanting him, but still with your own will and
desire and freedom, and you left the elevator on
another floor and in another dimension, still
tingling from the feeling of that cock inside you,
unable to rid yourself of that tingling, belonging to
him in every conceivable way.

Well, I guess that's the end.

LISA33: my darling is this awful? Are you still my
friend? Am I a creep? I told it, ostensibly, from
your point of view, but I think it's still pretty
clearly MY fantasy. A male fantasy of a female
fantasy. Something like that. Anyway, I think I
have to go now.

I am reaching for you, turning southward,
lisaward, like a weather vane.

Tag

11/26/99 06:15 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hi sugar... i have to tell you that was the best e-
mail of that sort i have ever received... and you
know i was touching myself the whole time,
'predate it.

you have a streak, baby... and it really appeals to
me A LOT... that's all i'll say.

some writer was explaining once (i heard this on npr or something, don't think i actually read it) why he wrote about people having sex so explicitly, think it was your neighbor updike actually, now that i think of it. and he said something like, experience doesn't end at the bedroom door, well, it doesn't end with two people having sex either, i'm thinking this is where it ends, it's not just what people do. it's what they think about doing, plus that's what's missing from updike. he writes all about sex but he never really faces up to what makes people horny.

see what's happening to us? you finally stop analyzing everything and send me this hot e-mail and now i'm the one blithering, you've ruined me. i do have one slight criticism, do you really think a toe could do all that? mine couldn't, maybe you're double-jointed or something.

... so now i'm supposed to write something about myself, er... was that really the agreement? never had to do that before, i think this is why i dropped out of high school, and college, having to write something longer than a sentence.

oh god. well, here is something, this is a total experiment... from when i was a kid—eight, i think... the day i first learned about reading. i'm starting it now (this is true by the way).

it was summer and my dad was stationed in lake Charles (that's in louisiana). so one day my sister and i left school together in the afternoon, carrying our lunch pails, and it was like a hundred degrees, and i took her up to feder's store, which we did lots of days on our way home.

feder's was the only store standing on this vacant city block on the edge of town, on the outside the paint was peeling and inside it was old and dark

and dusty, the kids all went there cause it was nothing but candy and model airplanes and comic books... kids' five-and-dime crap... but it was run by this nasty old man with a pipe and a cane, never knew if he was actually feder himself, but we all thought he must be feder. the thing was, his eyes were always on you... wherever you went in the store, his chin was up and he was always scowling and watching your hands, and even if you'd never thought of shoplifting in your life you couldn't help thinking of it... the possibility... cause of those eyes on your hands, the fear of what he would do if he caught you. because you could see on his face how he hated children, how he had that store just to catch them... to trap them... to torture them in the back room.

so while my little sister was paying for her candy i snuck around a back aisle, grabbed it, hid it where i could, stuck a cap gun behind my back, i hadn't really planned on taking anything, i just did it. i watched him as my sister paid and he looked back at me with that mean look of his, and my sister went out ahead of me and i was heading out behind her, speeding up, feeling that rush of stealing something, and i was just about to break into a run when a hand grabbed my arm, twisted it, pulled the cap gun from me. then his voice, right in my ear so i could feel his tobacco breath, "where do you think you're going?" then we were back inside the store and he was saying, "i know your kind." he was still twisting my arm behind my back so it hurt, and he was on the phone with my father.

i knew i didn't want to go home after that but there was no avoiding it. when we got back to the base (yeah, we lived on the base, my dad was in the military) my father was lying on the living room couch, two open beers in front of him. i was

expecting something awful, but he just yelled for a while and then lost his stamina and sent me to my room... so he could drink in peace probably... the fucking alcoholic.

so then i was atone finally, in my room, punished, so that's where i opened my lunch box. and there it was. that book i had taken from the back rack at feder's. he'd gotten the cap gun back, but i made it out with that book and now i could look over my catch, on the cover were a boy and a girl riding horses in the wild, the title was, "the gold of crawford canyon." can you believe i still remember that? i don't even know why i had chosen a book, it was the right size for a lunchbox. that was all. but now it was magical, stolen, so i opened it... started it... and before i knew it i was reading—and not cause i had to, just cause i was lost in it. my mother came in and said i could come out and i just stayed in my room and kept reading, and then she said it was time for dinner and i kept reading, and then my father told me to get the hell out of my room and i said (cause i was getting good at sarcasm) "is that an order?" and he said "yes" and i said, "sir, yes sir," and he just said, "enough of that," or something stupid like that, and i brought the book to the table and read right through all the arguing and left the table and went back to my room with it and read until they opened the door again, screaming, and then i started screaming myself finally because the book had been taken away, all i could think about was getting it back.

the next day when i got home from school i looked for it in my parents' bedroom, and took it back to my room and finished it. from then on i had a thing for books, nobody else i knew read them... so it was one way i was always different from everyone.

okay, so that was the day i got interested in reading.

is that enough, tag? am i done now? well, actually the good part's still coming, did i tell you about being sexually molested by a travelling band of circus performers?

you just believed me, didn't you? boy are you gullible.

here is the real next part, the next day. my sis and i were playing hide-and-seek, and it was sticky and hot again and i ran into the church (it was this little rinky-dink thing on the base) to hide, it was almost cool inside, i ducked behind a pew, waited, heard voices, the first voice was the pas-tor's, "she has to learn, that's all. she'll learn in time." and then the other voice, "she just doesn't listen, i'm telling you it's scary the way she looks right through me. she's a devil, i swear it. she's a devil." it was my mother's voice, and suddenly i knew she was talking about me. and i knew something else too: she wasn't really that worried about me cause she wasn't like that, she just wanted an excuse to be there with that nice-looking pastor, and then the talking stopped and i heard shuffling and i peeked up from my pew and they were sort of groping each other, can you believe it? my mom and the pastor, i was a devil, she was kissing the pastor, i was her demon child.

so that was all the church experience i ever got, or wanted. bye for now. lisa one thing though: i'm thinking about it now and i bet you have much

dirtier fantasies than that, still holding out on me, aren't you?

11/29/99 12:15 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

God I'm so relieved you liked my Lisa fantasy. I'm more than relieved. I'm liberated. I'm validated. I've been worried ever since I sent it. But now our secret selves have met and spoken and wanted each other. It really makes me long for you in a totally new way.

You're probably right about the fantasy thing. I could possibly be more depraved than that. Only I don't think I would ever write it down.

Thank you too for your return story. It says so much. The young, formative Lisa. One of those moments when you become who you are. I loved it.

I am thinking of you.

Must go now.

Write me.

Tag

12/01/99 11:07 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hey baby baby baby, tricked you. made the whole thing up. tee-hee. no i didn't, you know that, don't you? just a little joke, well, seriously, glad you liked it. i liked writing it...

‘cept i have to say one thing... i can feel you deconstructing me. that’s different from undressing me. i wish you were doing that, dammit, but you’re not. you’re thinking this is why she is the way she is. this is why she has fantasies of blah blah, fears of yada yada... from your superior, intellectual distance.

admit it, tag baby, it’s okay... but in a way i think i did trick you, cause as far as i’m concerned it has nothing to do with why i’m the way i am. it’s just a story... cause i think someday they’ll find we’re all just genes and hormones, that’s what makes us the way we are. and i have hormones that say, “edgy, sarcastic nympho type.”

imagine if it’s really true though... if someday they discover it’s all just genes and hormones... it would practically invalidate western literature, so many stories and novels and articles about, “so after that experience she was forever changed, could no longer...” all scientifically proven to be wrong, wouldn’t that be cool? what would they teach in english class?

well, maybe it isn’t all genes, but stop deconstructing me. i feel like i’m being raped, hmm... i might like that... not sure it’s possible for me to be raped though, i want it too badly, i’m unrapable.

well tag darling i do want to thank you honestly for making me write this cause it’s the first time I’ve used my brain in fucking years and the first time in my life i told anyone that book story, and it doesn’t even cost \$80 an hour for a fucking shrink, and i do think of you too, baby... mostly of you fucking me in that elevator...

i want to be with you too. and away from here.

my son asked me today if there were still any bad guys in the world, and i was totally evasive, i said, "no, not really," and he said, "what about uncle fred?" cause my sister (yes, my little sister from the story) has this cokehead husband who was arrested for dealing... do you believe it? they gave him six months in jail, so i said to michael, "your uncle's not a bad guy, he's just there for like a rest thing."

he's in jail for a "rest thing"!!! do you believe i said that? someday my son is going to realize everything i ever said to him when he was a kid was a lie.

somebody rescue me from here.

write me.

lisa

12/01/99 11:09 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO lisa33@earthbridge.com

My Dear Lisa,

I don't think we're all just hormones either.
(Except you might possibly be an exception there.)
Seriously though, I didn't mean to deconstruct. At least, I don't think I did. I hope you'll write me more about you, because I would love to learn more. It is amazing how much we lie to our children though, isn't it?

I think of you too. More than I should. Have a motion I have to prepare now, so have to go.

Write me.

Tag

RS. Is there a word “unrapable”?

12/11/99 10:01 PM

FROM o_rex@earthbridge.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Baby U R killing me. Why don't you want me to call? Is there someone else? I would do anything in the world 4 U. I would kill myself if I lost you. I still have your phone number. You know that.

Rex

12/11/99 10:34 PM

FROM steveo1997@avm.edu

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Hey Lisa. Just taking a minute here out of my Java (the programming language, not the coffee) to say hi there, still thinking of you. I wrote a song about you. Can't sing it over e-mail. So you'll just have to come visit me. But here are the words to the first stanza:

Won't you come over and blow on my flute And
I'll reach for you and strum your sweet lute And
baby there really is no way to say What kind of
music we're going to play

STEVE

12/12/99 09:24 PM

FROM lisa33@earthbridge.com

TO steveo1997@avm.edu

STEVE: , your song really sucks, i won't be visiting you. also, don't quit your day job... but keep tryin, steve, cause there's no telling what shit the public will listen to.

night, steve. wet dreams.

lisa

p.s. maybe you should send it to moonbeam.

12/12/99 09 37 PM FROM

lisa33@earthbridge.com TO

o_rex@earthbridge.com

you can't call anymore, rex. are you who's been calling and hanging up? well, it doesn't matter because i'm changing my phone number, i was an idiot to give it out over the net. and it's the last time,

lisa

12/13/99 09:52 PM

FROM steveo1997@avm.edu

TO moonbeam@hotlet.com

MOONBEAM: my darling. Just taking a minute out here from my Java (the programming language, not the coffee) to say hi there, i'm still thinking of you. I wrote a song about you. I can't sing it over e-mail. But i'll sing it when you come visit me (if you're still coming, that is. not sure what your plan is right now). Here are the words to the first stanza:

Won't you come over and blow on my flute And
I'll reach for you and strum your sweet lute And
baby there really is no way to say What kind of
music we're going to play

Thinking of you.

STEVE

12/15/99 09:21 PM

FROM liquidjoy@earthbridge.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

LISA33: you are a fucking slut bitch and your boyfriend's a fag. I'm gonna tie you up and twist up your titties and come all over you.

SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT
SLUT SLUT SLUT. SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT
SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT. SLUT
SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT
SLUT SLUT. SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT
SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT SLUT.

12/16/99 09:13 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO liquidjoy@earthbridge.com

liquid, please kill yourself immediately,

lisa

12/17/99 12:02 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO lisa33@earthbridge.com

LISA33: where are you? I'm going slightly out of my mind. Been three weeks since I've had sex with my wife and two weeks since I've heard from you and I'm going slightly insane. Why haven't you written? I need another installment. I need to get inside you, in every way—lift up your dress and touch you everywhere, caress your breasts, and reach between your legs and explore every orifice (except maybe the nostrils—just not a nostril guy), you can see I'm losing my grip, I'm just blithering, I'm not even thinking about what I'm writing anymore.

So we went to this holiday party last night in the neighborhood and they rented the movie "Benji" for the kids to watch upstairs while the grown-ups hung out downstairs—except my son didn't know any of the other kids so he wanted me to stay with him and watch the movie, which I did, for as long as either of us could stand it. Have you seen this movie? This movie is actually a *dog love story*! Can you believe it? I really thought maybe I was hallucinating or something. Because dogs in real life are just not that romantic about their lovemaking, and there is really no getting around that, and if it were a realistic look at dog romance it would have been very short, but instead, it

features a guy dog and a girl dog, and all this misty music and scenes of them frolicking in the fields and arfing and nuzzling each other, and in the middle they have to endure a really touching separation, they're both lonely and sad-dog-whimpery, and then eventually they're reunited, and they yelp and art and nuzzle each other excitedly, and for just a second I thought it was going to be dog softcore, and they were really gonna show them humping, but instead the music swelled and the camera pulled away and panned across the fields and... *you just knew... you knew that the guy dog was fucking the girl dog...* only they weren't gonna show it—they were gonna show some pretty scenery instead—so eventually all the boys realized the movie sucked and one by one they moved into another room to play a game of beating each other up, and after a while it morphed into some sort of batman game, this was my son's contribution (my son is a big batman fan, and actually thinks batman would win in battle against superman (are batman and superman capitalized?)), though some of the other boys appeared to think it was a game of pillow-fighting ninjas.

Only the one thing about Benji was that, in a strange sort of way, I thought the girl dog was kind of cute. And she was completely naked for the entire movie. So I guess I would give it two and half stars, mainly for the performance by the girl dog actress.

As you can see I'm going psychotic, and really really need to hear from you.

I'm sorry this e-mail is about nothing. What do you want me to write about, Lisa? Do you want another erotic one? I'll do it if it's what you want. If that is what will get a reply from you. Why

haven't you written me? I am feeling insecure I think. Please don't forget about me. I keep imagining that you will just stop writing and stop showing up online and I will never know what happened to you and who you really were. I hope things are good with you. Write me.

Tag

12/18/99 01:22 AM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO steveo1997@avm.edu

STEVE: your song is sooooo beautiful. I know we're soul mates now because it's exactly how I feel about you too. Can you believe I'll be with you in 3 days?! Can you believe this is really going to happen? My sister's totally covering for us. Pre-Christmas shopping trip. If he calls for me there I'm out shopping, and if it's late then I'm out with my cousin, who's also visiting

Well, you want to hear what's going on around here? Crazy as usual. The washing machine is finally fixed and now if you can fucking believe it the dryer's broken. So there's all this stuff hanging out to dry everywhere. Our bedroom's like this weird jungle, there's panties and jockey underpants and socks hanging from absolutely everything like these big, dripping, tropical leaves. Actually it's kinda cool in a way.

So now the Accord is fucking up. It's making this weird sound like it's gagging. I think maybe it needs oil or something. He's been screaming at me to bring it in cause he's all in love with his stupid car. I do this weird stuff, like I'm sort of not

careful about letting the zipper of my coat run along the finish, cause he's so funny when he sees a new scratch and gets all crazy.

Well, as soon as I send this I'm taking the car to the gas station. You really have to admire those guys who fix cars though. Have you ever lifted up the hood of a car and seen all the stuff in there? I don't know why fixing cars isn't like a big, fancy job like being a doctor, which is exactly the same kind-of except it's fixing people. But there's all these doctor TV shows like Chicago Hope, but there's no TV show called like, Long Island Sunoco.

So he's like lecturing me every second these days. And the kids are busy screaming at each other. Jimmy calls Jessie a retard and she calls him queer and he hits her and she comes in crying. They're both retarded if you ask me. She's turning twelve next week. I can't believe it. I'm really getting old. She wants all these CDs for her birthday, but honestly I think the music they listen to these days is really bad for them. I am thinking of shaving my pubic hair before I fly out. Would you like that? You know I would do it for you, Steve.

Well, I need to go. After I get back from the garage I have to go through all this Tupperware crap in the back of the fridge. The problem with Tupperware is it's TOO airtight. You never smell when anything's rotting, and then by the time you find it in the back of the fridge you're afraid to open it so you just throw the whole thing out including the Tupperware itself and you have to buy more. That's probably how they make their money I guess.

You understand me, Steve.

And now the waiting is over.

Soon I'll be yours.

Moon

12/19/99 11:01 PM

FROM satish11@uvc.edu

TO sandydee@rocketlink.com

Sandy, are you sure you are not being mad at me? I think I am not like most of the men you will be meeting online. I am a medical student and a serious person and I respect you, and find you very attractive. I have little chance for a social life here and I am very inexperienced. As I am not born to the United States, I don't know the American English or the customs very well, and have some difficulty at making friends. I therefore sometimes find myself thinking of you.

You were asking about my penis size. I am eight inches in length. Please don't feel like you have to tell me your breast size. I am merely informing you.

I will look for you online, and would like to become better acquainted.

Satish11.

12/20/99 01:23 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

god your benji e-mail was so damn funny and cute,
i want to fuck you til you scream.

sorry i haven't written, i just... haven't, oh well.

started to write more of my life story only i think
i've run dry... i have nothing more to say. some
people have just one great novel in them and
others probably have, like, just one short story in
them, and then there's people like me that have
pretty much just one paragraph in them... so
nothing came of it 'cept my husband started
screaming at me for spending my time picking up
guys over the internet... not that he really knows
anything, just suspects... but it's something he can
use to get michael on his side, he pretends to say it
when michael's not in the room, only he always
starts yelling just loud enough that he makes sure
michael hears every word.

then michael starts running to me and crying and
asking why i do things that make daddy so angry,
which just makes me hate him more, because i'm
there for my son always always whenever he needs
me, i will always be there for him, and my
husband just isn't, he just fucking tunes out and
gets drunk and what really hurts is that i know one
day my son is gonna hit that age when he starts to
understand about the world, and he's gonna look at
his father and suddenly see him for what he is—a
damn drunk... someone nobody respects, someone
people look down on... and it's gonna kill him...
my poor baby...

tag, do you really think we'll be together
someday? really, i don't think you'll ever leave her
and i'm not sure you should, not for me anyway.

don't answer... just keep writing me. you were
asking what you should write about and the answer
is anything... cause i love your e-mails, you know

i'd love to be the starlet of another one of your fantasies. you can make me do anything you like, since you're the one writing it... i'm you're slave, do what you will with me... i like that... and besides, what happens after they go into the hotel room? you've left me in suspense, you bastard... but i also want to hear more about your life... i won't forget you, baby, i promise, i'm still here, write me.

lisa.

p.s. course there's a word, "unrapable." i used it, didn't i?

p.p.s. no way could batman beat superman, batman's just a regular person in a bat costume, and superman is superman, superman would kick his ass.

12/20/99 04:01 PM

FROM sandydee@rocketlink.com

TO satish11@uvcedu

Satish, why are you telling me your penis size? I don't want to know this. What did I say that gave you the impression I wanted to know this? And I know I don't have to tell you my breast size, and I'm not going to.

I am not mad at you, but I'm beginning to think you're a jerk.

Sandy.

12/20/99 07:23 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well, my son says that Batman is actually part bat. As evidence he points to (1) spends lots of his time in a cave, (2) always out at night, (3) remarkable leaping ability verges on flying, and (4) black cape.

So there. Look for me tonight. Around 11:30.

12/20/99 11:45 PM [http
//www.literotikus.com/chat.html/pvt11](http://www.literotikus.com/chat.html/pvt11)

LISA33: *TAG HAS INVITED YOU TO A PRIVATE CHAT.*

LISA33: hi there.

TAG: Lisa.

LISA33: what's up, baby?

TAG: I want you.

LISA33: oh... so that's what's up.

TAG: Well, that is not really up yet. But it could be coming up soon.

TAG: What are you wearing?

LISA33: hmm... baggy sweatshirt, nothing else.

TAG: I like that.

LISA33: do you?

TAG: One of my 200 favorite fetishes.

LISA33: i see.

TAG: And rising up the charts.

LISA33: good.

TAG: Anything up with you?

LISA33: hmm... had sex with my husband.

TAG: Damn you. LISA33 actually i hated it.

TAG: In that case it's okay.

LISA33: he was real drunk, couldn't come, just kept going on and on.

LISA33: wanna hear about it?

TAG: If you want to tell me.

LISA33: it was just going on and on til i was losing my mind.

LISA33: i kept trying to fuck really dirty just to get him to come.

LISA33: and he kept acting like he was getting close... or maybe he was trying to get close...

LISA33: he was cheering himself on.

LISA33: so i was going on like i was really into it... you should have heard me... moaning like some porno actress.

LISA33: all the while just praying he would get there already...

LISA33: and i just felt like i was suffocating.

TAG: Yick.

LISA33: and then suddenly... this is true...

TAG: Yes?

LISA33: i had this image of just sticking a knife in his neck.

TAG: Ouch.

LISA33: well, i contained myself.

LISA33: barely.

TAG: Sounds like a really satisfying love life.

LISA33: more of a hate life.

LISA33: sorry to be complaining.

LISA33 so how's YOUR love life, baby?

TAG: Actually, I had sex with my wife.

LISA33: tag. you stud.

TAG: Yeah. I'm hot.

TAG: I'm irresistible.

LISA33: so really, how often do you guys do it?

TAG: We're on a semi-annual schedule.

TAG: Plus Martin Luther King Day.

LISA33: ha ha.

LISA33: well how was it?

TAG: Okay. Good I guess.

LISA33: careful, baby.

TAG: It was okay.

LISA33: that's better.

TAG: I think we're just too alienated from each other by now. So it's always a bit strange.

LISA33: you don't say much about her, tag. would i like her?

TAG: I don't know. We'll have to have you over.

LISA33: well i want to know about her. i bet she's sweet, and you just don't appreciate her.

TAGPossibly. No way to know. Since I have no perspective. She just is.

LISA33: will you write me something about her?

TAGMaybe.

LISA33: don't say maybe, say you will.

TAGOkay. I will.

LISA33: wish you could see me now.

TAG: Me too.

LISA33: where do you think this is going between us? really?

TAG: No idea.

LISA33: do you ever wonder though?

TAGYes. I don't know. I think we're both crazy. What are we doing?

LISA33: beats me.

TAG: me too.

LISA33: i want you to touch yourself this time.

TAGOkay. I'll try.

LISA33: you'll try? is it difficult?

LISA33: do you have really short arms or something?

TAG: Ha ha. You know what I mean.

LISA33: oh just do it tag. let go for once.

TAGOkay. I said I would.

LISA33: good.

LISA33: cept one more thing...

TAGYes?

LISA33: no way is batman part bat.

TAG: I think he might be.

TAG: I thought my son made some valid points.

LISA33: just cause a guy dresses up in a bat costume and drives a car with a bat motif doesn't make him part bat.

TAGWell, if my son says he's part bat, he's part bat.

LISA33: is not.

TAG: Is too.

LISA33: my son thinks your son is a moron.

TAG: Ha ha.

TAG: So when do I get to read YOUR sexual fantasy?

LISA33: don't change the topic.

TAG: You changed it first.

LISA33: i'm allowed.

TAG: It might help me though. Will you write me something?

LISA33: maybe.

LISA33: but only after you participate.

TAGAlright, already.

LISA33: and after i learn all about your wife.

TAGOkay.

LISA33: so did i tell you i might have a stalker.

TAGReally??

LISA33: well, i'm not sure, but i've been getting these creepy e-mails.

TAGYick.

LISA33: yeah, but i don't think there's any way he can find me.

TAGThat's good.

LISA33: so are you still hard at all?

TAGKind of medium.

LISA33: we'll have to fix that.

LISA33: i want you baby.

LISA33: i want to be stroking you.

LISA33: think of me kneeling down to lick your cock hard.

TAGYou mean you're going to lick my cock until it's hard, or you're licking really hard?

LISA33: damn you, tag.

TAGJust want to get the fantasy right.

LISA33: you really think you're cute.

TAGCause if you mean my cock, then "really hard" is a dangling modifier.

LISA33: i want your dangling modifier, i will stop it from dangling.

TAG: You're funny.

LISA33: i want you to fuck me.

TAG: I would like that.

LISA33: i want you to fuck me hard.

LISA33: i want to feel it.

LISA33: tag

LISA33: i'm spreading my legs for you.

LISA33: dammit, my son just called out.

LISA33: hang on.

LISA33: had a nightmare or something, he's calling for me. dammit.

LISA33: sorry baby, write me.

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

12/21/99 10:03 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well, you wanted to know about Emily, my wife, so here is this stupid fucking thing the other me wrote after you logged off. Christ, that other me is such a fucking idiot. You really don't have to read it if it bores you. Somehow it got all serious.

I've never really told it to anyone before. It seems like such a terrible violation of her privacy to talk about her so intimately. Even to someone who doesn't know who she is. Or who I am. But I did like writing it. Anyway, here it is:

The first thing anyone would have noticed about Emily, at least back then, was that she was very pretty—beautiful even. At least I thought so. She had long, black hair of the sort that is almost iridescent in the right light, and she had beautiful eyes and nice skin and full, friendly lips. Also I should mention her long legs and her unusually large round breasts— more on these later.

Perfume seems very much out of vogue these days, but Emily put it on every morning, a dab on each wrist and one along her throat. And I can see how perfume can be a wonderful thing, because just like in the silly TV ads, I always associated

her with a particular, sweet perfume smell, and the fragrance was her, and she was the fragrance, and to be in her room and inhale the fragrance swept you into this mysterious, erotic, feminine world.

I knew Emily only slightly until one night at a college party (imagine a small, private liberal arts college full of arches and statues and mottos in latin, and teeming with clumsy, self-consciously sloppy, suburb-raised, free-range undergraduates like myself). The room was crowded and blaring with music, and Emily and I were talking and drinking and the next thing I knew we were kissing and groping and our friends were looking at us in surprise—not just because they all knew Emily had a boyfriend, but because no one would have picked us as linking together in any way. Actually I was every bit as surprised as they were. I'm sure I was the envy of most of the guys there, and I was undoubtedly conscious of that thought as well even as Emily and I were groping each other.

I went back to her room that night, as of course one must do after groping a girl at a party—I knew that much—and suddenly felt a wave of panic. Would I be able to perform? What if...? I was so pathetically young and nervous and experienced. What was I even doing there? It was too soon.

My memory is intentionally blurry here, but as best I can recall, I went limp and silent and flushed with humiliation. Emily did little to help the situation, almost as nervous as I was. She turned out to be shy about sex. She enjoyed it eventually, so long as it was limited to penetration, but she couldn't go down on me, or even touch my penis, or even say the word.

She called it my “thing,” as in, “put your thing in.” So as far as getting ready was concerned—it was

up to me.

For whatever reason, Emily stayed with me and even broke up with her boyfriend. In a couple of days we had the sex thing straightened out though she remained rather inhibited, particularly when it came to touching me “there.” Also, her breasts, grand and promising as they seemed at first, played no role in our lovemaking (yes, we call it that up here) because she had no feeling in them. Her nipples were no more an erogenous zone than was, say, her back. They were just so much flesh. So really there seemed no point in playing with them. They were a musical instrument that produced no sound and soon enough I stopped trying to make them work.

After the night of the party, I spent every night with Emily for the next six months, and more or less moved in with her. My status was immediately elevated by the association and I became friends with her much more impressive friends. She always had her arm in mine when we were out together. People looked at us. I felt proud.

I remember two things from our happier times together. One was a late-night, over-tired conversation we had about breakfast cereals—I was talking about how when I was a kid I would tell my mother I liked a particular cereal, and then she would get the cereal over and over for years, long after I was sick of it, and the boxes would just accumulate in the pantry, and I never wanted to hurt her feelings by saying, “Mom, I’m not into Lucky Charms anymore. That’s why there’s nine boxes of it in the pantry.” It turned out that Emily had had the same experience. We said things such as, “you’d like, come home from school and, like, there it was, another fucking box of fucking Lucky

Charms.” And since we were both stoned it seemed both hilarious and extremely profound.

Then I remember going back to her room after the library one night, and there she was waiting for me wearing a black leotard, her hair down and her body reclining against a pillow and her lips full of sultry anticipation and I couldn’t imagine how this good fortune could have landed with me—that she was just there waiting for me to make love to her and that she was so exquisite.

Those are the good memories.

On the other hand, over the next months, I gradually began to feel inside me a welling unhappiness. The reason sounds like a cliché, but I can think of no other way to say it: I wasn’t in love. Emily turned out to be a basically nice, ordinary-minded girl, neither humorless nor really funny, neither particularly sharp nor particularly dull, rather compulsive, repressed, and nobody I could really share my feelings with. And too often she fell into a cutesy sort of routine—not exactly baby-talk, but some mixture of little-girl and parody of someone talking like a little girl.

It is hard for me to say this now—admit this to myself. Because here I am married to her. But even after our months together I was never sure exactly what she liked about me, because most of the things I liked about myself—that I am funny or ironic or free-thinking (to the extent that I am any of these)—she didn’t relate to at all. In fact, my desire in college to do or be something different, to possibly do something creative, made her uncomfortable. It was my “weird side.” What would I do after college? How was I going to make money? (Of course in the end I wound up

doing the same crap everyone else did after college, but that's another story.)

There was another night that was kind of a turning point. We had gotten stoned together. And she was all up for sex. But somehow when I looked at her, right there in front of me, pretty, eager, I felt alienated. Everything she said seemed false, irritating, too cute, and I couldn't respond. And suddenly I saw, with frightening clarity, that in some basic way her personality missed for me. So I just stood there looking at her, unable to speak. And the more distant I became, the harder she tried, and the more strange and alien and irritating she seemed. Eventually she gave up on the sex and just started asking what was the matter, what was it, tell me what you're thinking. But it was impossible to answer. Because if I spoke at all what I would have said was, "the matter is I'm completely alone. You're a stranger to me and you don't know me and will never know me and when I am with you I am totally lost and alone and I don't know who I am."

A couple of weeks later my parents came to visit me at college. Emily had expected I would invite her to join us when we went out. I suppose she already wanted to marry me then. I don't know because we never talked about it, but it is the only reason I can figure why she would expect me to take her out everywhere with my parents. In any case, I didn't invite her to join us, and she was furious with me, totally silent, unable to talk about it. (To the best of my recollection, she was the only friend I ever had who was upset at not getting to spend enough time with my parents.)

That was when I told her what I'd been thinking for a while: that we should start seeing other people. (At this point she was in graduate school,

thirty miles away, so we weren't living together any longer.) For myself, I had nobody lined up. But that was okay. I thought it would be easier for her if she found someone else first. And lots of guys would be interested in her. She would have no trouble finding anyone. I could back out of it without hurting her, which was what I wanted.

So of course she did start seeing someone. She told me as much a few weeks later. "You know I started going out a bit with this other guy." The news meant nothing to me. It scarcely registered—like something said in a TV show you are only half paying attention to.

She saw my lack of reaction and added, "it's not nothing."

Still no reaction. I just didn't feel anything.

A few days later I was talking with her on the phone and asked what she wanted to do that weekend. She said, a bit uncertainly, "I have plans. I'm not going to see you."

Now here is the really messed-up part—the part that surely says something about me: I was shocked. Why should I have been shocked? She had already told me she was seeing someone else. Even more incredible, after months of feeling nothing for Emily, I needed her. It was more than that: I was miserable. I had to have her. This couldn't be happening! My heart pounded. I was dizzy. Desperate. In shock. It was as though, in that split second, my entire mind was inverted—like a set change on a rotating stage. All of my indifference disappeared backstage, and swinging around to the fore was a single overpowering thought: I couldn't live without Emily. I needed Emily. I had to get her back. There was no other

purpose to my existing. How would I eat, how would I sleep again until I had her back?

So I started begging Emily to come back to me. Is this terrible? I told her things would be different if she came back. I would be different. I wanted to marry her. I knew as I was saying these things that they weren't true. As soon as I had her again I would feel the same emptiness. But I said them anyway. And I guess she wanted to believe me, because on some level she must have known too that my feelings couldn't really change. But I think I am at my most charming when I am most desperate. It motivates me. I pleaded, humored, flirted, warmed her back to me with every resource I had.

I guess you know the ending: Gradually I felt myself gaining the upper hand in my battle for her attentions. She started seeing me again. And I felt her new boyfriend losing out. And of course, as this happened, I felt myself welling with all the same doubt and unease and agitation. Who was she? Who was I? Why were we together? Did I love her? If not, then what was I doing? Yet I had promised her. I had pulled her back to me. And I knew now what losing her was like. Anything would be better than that. Even emptiness. I could adjust to emptiness. I could live with it. Maybe in time it would go away. Maybe it was just there inside me and I would feel it with anyone. Who knew?

So I said it. I told her we should marry. And I told myself it would be okay. I could live it. It would be bearable.

And that was it. We married and had a child together and are bound together by the child and I honestly don't even know if Emily thinks we are

happy together now or not, and I would never ask her. And we are in this prim town where she belongs and I don't. Where I am a misfit.

Looking back on this story, I realize it cannot possibly match yours because my life cannot possibly match yours. Because I'm from the suburbs and everyone knows our experiences aren't real. They all end with a sigh. There is no real tragedy, just a extended, dull, "oh well." Our parents pampered us, ruined us, left us without any deep pain. Our lives are not valid. I'm being ironic of course, but maybe it is really true. You are real. I am not. To become real I will have to leave my wife and hurt my son. I will have to come to you. I will move to the South where there is the kind of misery you can really write something interesting about. We will become a Southern tragedy.

Because what is my complaint all about with Emily anyway? She doesn't understand me. Isn't that pathetic? Isn't that the ultimate spoiled, affluent, suburban, weak-kneed liberal complaint? She doesn't understand me. But why should I expect someone to understand me? Why should anyone expect that? Did the ancient Greek warriors worry about being understood when they chose their wives from among the conquered barbarians? I don't think so.

Well Lisa, this still feels so wrong, telling you all these personal things about her. But it was so very cathartic. Because I never told it to anyone before. And now that I'm sending it to you, it really leaves me longing.

Honestly, I'm at the point where I need this thing between us. Where I'm afraid of losing you. Which is awfully strange, isn't it, when we've

never met and I don't even know what you look like?

Oh well.

Write me. Look for me online.

Love you.

Tag.

12/22/99 09:13 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TAG: baby baby baby, guess if i really want you i should ditch you. I'll think about it. if i do, will you come down here and run away with me?

but seriously i love the way you write, thoughtful and sweet, like you. i really liked your story, sounds like the sex is really wild up there, would she be interested in a threesome sometime?

just kidding, baby... though i do like my women with big breasts... sorry... kidding again, can't help myself. sorry you are so deprived though... poor tag... i would definitely change that for you. i really did like your story, kinda too bad it's your life though, makes me feel badly for emily too. i knew it was all your fault, (i'm kidding, silly.) as your impartial marriage counselor i recommend you definitely don't try to work things out... cause it's clearly hopeless. just come down here.

i'm yours.

lisa

12/23/99 01:31 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO lisa33@earthbrdge com

Lisa,

I do want to come to you.

Truly. You know that.

Tag

(One little procedural point: Weren't you supposed to write your fantasy now, or something like that?)

12/23/99 02:51AM

FROM lisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

oh god... so it's my turn? how did i get myself into this?

everyone knows the guy is supposed to write the dirty e-mails and the girl is supposed to read them, i'm sure that's what miss manners would say. it's basic dating in the new millenium. honestly, tag... ya gotta know the rules, and besides... what if you're not into beastiality?

kidding again, baby.

i do have a thing about two guys at once... that's a fact, i could tell you about that... but i could just see you reading my story getting all jealous...

thinking, like, hey wait a second, who's the other guy?... and i'm like, oh, nobody in particular, just some other guy from the chat room or something, poor jealous tag. that would be cruel, still though... just the idea of it... one guy inside me from behind, the other in my mouth... like i'm connecting them to each other somehow... completing the circuit... and there's this electricity flowing right through me, flowing from one to the other, right through me until I can't take it...

did i say i wasn't going to tell you about that one? oh well, just started thinking about it... can't help myself, well... you didn't specify what kind of fantasy.

i do have a tag-only story though, wanna hear it? plus it's one we can actually do together someday, it requires no parental supervision.

we will need the following parts (not included in set):

- * a men's business suit for you... (cause they turn me on)
- * a private office at your law office... with door that locks
- * a working male genital, larger size works best—you've got that, right?)
- * thirteen dildos

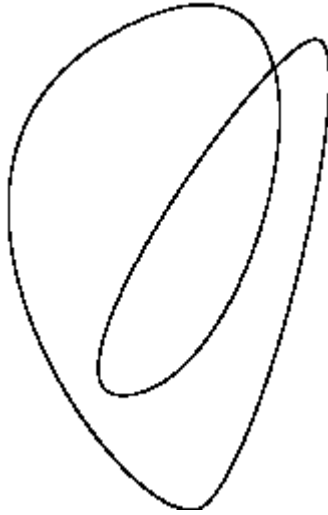
Just kidding about the dildos, silly.)

then all you need to do is hire me as your secretary, i will come north and start my new career working for you.

i will type, i will answer the phones, i will bring you your coffee, lock the office door behind me so it is just the two of us, lift my dress, climb onto your lap, grind against you lewdly... only you're still trying to get your work done... so i reach down between your legs, feel you getting hard, unzip your fly. then i kneel down, crouched practically under your desk, and just start licking, you tell me you have an important meeting to get to... it's just so tag... and i ignore you and keep licking and feel it getting harder, and you say stop it and i just keep licking you just enough to drive you insane... only not enough to make you come... and then i hear you pick up the phone and call to cancel your meeting, i hear the tremble in your telephone voice and so just to bother you i start sucking, sucking deeply, my whole body into it, while you're still in the middle of talking... poor tag baby, all embarrassed... sounding like he's either coming or dying to whoever he's on the phone with.

so now you're upset with me... or at least you pretend to be. you hang up the phone and pull me off of you... tell me to stop it... only now i rub up against you again, rub your cock against my chest... and you let me... let me grind against you... start breathing hard again... and that's when you can't take it anymore... can't resist my evil, you push me back on to your desk, your eyes all hot and fiery... and grab ferociously at my clothes... open my shirt... spread my legs wide... a hand between them... don't hold back, baby... and then your other hand in my hair... i like that... and then... oh tag I need you NOW... RIGHT NOW...

CHAPTER 5



☐☐ 12/23/99 10:13 PM
<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html>

LISA33: anybody got some myrrh?

SANDYDEE: Are you religious, Lisa?

LISA33: i need a new drug.

TAG: Lisa!!!

LISA33: tag.

TAG: Are you alone?

LISA33: not safe now. stay here.

SANDYDEE: Is myrrh a drug?

LISA33: beats me.

TAG: Dying to talk to you. Loved your e-mail.

LISA33: me too. loved yours, but careful what you say. he could come in any second.

MOONBEAM: HAS *LOGGED ON*

MOONBEAM: Hi everyone.

TAG: Moon!

LISA33: you're still alive!

MOONBEAM: Barely.

LolaB: Does anyone here know Matthew Arnold?

TAG: So what happened?

LISA33: i think i knew a matthew arnold once,
possibly the same guy?

LolaB: I doubt it.

LISA33: is he really really loud when he comes?

MOONBEAM: Well... I'm on my sister's
computer now.

LolaB: He was a British poet, 1860s.

LISA33: different guy then.

LISA33: my matthew arnold sold stereos.

TAG: I want to hear what happened with Moon.
Did you meet Steve?

MOONBEAM: I did.

SANDYDEEI know Dover Beach.

LISA33: i think that's the beach where i fucked
matthew arnold.

TAG: I thought guys fuck and girls get fucked.

LISA33: i fuck back.

SANDYDEEDover Beach is a poem by Matthew
Arnold.

LISA33: no shit! he wrote a poem about me!

LISA33: i knew i was good... i just didn't know
how good.

LISA33: guess i should have known when he came
so loud.

LolaB: I have a paper on Matthew Arnold due tomorrow. Can anyone here help me?

TAG: I still want to hear about Steve.

LISA33: me too.

LolaB: I have to defend him against the accusation of being an elitist.

LISA33: who called him an elitist?

MOONBEAM: Steve can't sing. Or play guitar.

LolaB: Nobody in particular called him an elitist.

LISA33: then why do you have to defend him?

MOONBEAM: Also, I did not find him attractive.

LolaB: Because that's the assignment.

LISA33: why not just say, "anyone who calls matthew arnold an elitist is a goddamn liar and they better not say it to my face." done.

LISA33: okay moon, tell us all about steve.

LolaB: I don't think my professor would accept that.

LISA33: just trying to help.

MOONBEAM: Who gives a shit whether some dead guy was an elitist or not?

LISA33: that's true, moon.

LolaB: Some people care.

SANDYDEECaring people care.

LISA33: can't argue with that, sandy.

TAGTruer words were never spoke.

MOONBEAM: He was skinny and freckled.

LISA33: my matthew arnold was no elitist.

LISA33: he would not even know what the word meant.

TAGMoon, did you get along with him?

LolaB: I also have to mention two other poets in the essay.

LISA33: okay, so here's your essay: "no way was matthew arnold an elitist, plus you want to find an elitist, go take a look at robert frost and that guy eliot. they were the real snot-noses."

MOONBEAM: Steve picked me up at the airport. I expected him to be tall and muscular. I usually can sense these things.

TAGDidn't you ask what he looked like?

MOONBEAM: I believed I knew. I thought I could sense it.

LISA33: uh, that's a little psycho, moon.

MOONBEAM: So I had to totally re-adjust. Then he took me back to his place. Just the two of us there.

LolaB: Sandydee, do you think Matthew Arnold was an elitist?

MOONBEAM: All I could think was, what the fuck am I doing here?

SANDYDEEI really don't know, Lola.

MOONBEAM: I was in this studenty apartment with this stranger. And I have two kids. And they're like two thousand miles away.

LolaB: This place doesn't seem very literary.

TAG: We were just talking about Dreiser, Lola. Right before you got here.

LISA33: so moon... any sex?

MOONBEAM: Getting there, Lisa.

LolaB: He didn't believe his poems were for the masses. Is that elitist?

MOONBEAM: I just wanted to be back with my kids. Instead I was there listening to this jerky guy talk about himself.

SANDYDEE Lola, I think that could be considered elitist.

MOONBEAM: His music and his programming. That's all he kept going on about.

MOONBEAM: I could tell he was nervous about real sex. What a bullshitter with all that hot cybering.

SANDYDEEI don't think you should judge people's abilities based on their social class.

LISA33: really radical, sandy.

MOONBEAM: I didn't judge his abilities based on his class. He was just a poor lover.

TAG She was talking about Matthew Arnold.

MOONBEAM: Oh.

LISA33: my matthew arnold's skills were okay, he just came too loud.

TAGShe was talking about the other Matthew Arnold.

LISA33: ohhhhhhh. that dead elitist guy?

LolaB: Do you know him, Lisa? Do you think he was elitist?

MOONBEAM: Then I started thinking, what if Steve had a heart attack while he was fucking me? Like that politician...

LISA33: rockefeller.

MOONBEAM: Yeah. I mean, how would I explain what I was doing there to the police?

LISA33: or what if YOU had a heart attack?

LISA33: how would you explain being dead there?

MOONBEAM: Exactly.

SATISH11: *HAS LOGGED ON*

SATISH11: Hello. What is happening?

SANDYDEE: I believe we are all born with the ability to go as far as we want if we put our mind to it.

TAG: So could I be a professional basketball player?

SATISH11: Hello Sandy.

SANYDEE They always say professional sports is 90% mental.

LISA33: yeah, they say that... but it's bullshit.

LolaB: Satish11, do you know Matthew Arnold?

LISA33: can we get back to moon's story?

SANDYDEE: Lisa why are you always arguing with me?

SATISH11: Did he not write Dover Beach?

LISA33: sorry sandy, i'm trying hard to agree with you.

LISA33: really i am.

LISA33: you're just so wrong.

TAG: Moon, continue.

LolaB: That is what he is most famous for. I have to defend him against the accusation of being an elitist. Do you think he was an elitist?

SATISH11I do not know. I read it in class in India, but know little of him as a person.

MOONBEAM: He was all nervous about making the first move. And I just decided no way am I touching him first. It's his problem.

LISA33: enough with the poet guy, Lola.

SATISH11My e-mail very much displeased you, Sandy?

MOONBEAM: Eventually we just went to bed. There was only one bed in the place.

SANDYDEEI just thought you were a jerk.

MOONBEAM: He turned the lights out. I kept waiting and waiting for him to do something. Finally I gave up and reached between his legs.

LISA33: i thought you decided no way were you touching him first.

MOONBEAM: That was earlier.

LISA33: ahhhh.

SATISH11I am apologizing then, Sandy. You are mad at me?

SANDYDEEWhy did you tell me your penis size?

LISA33: satish, you snake you. you told her your penis size?

SANDYDEEI for one don't judge a man by the length of his penis.

LISA33: that's beautiful, sandy.

LISA33: so how long is it, sandy?

SATISH11Sandy, I really am not meaning to boast. I just thought you were wanting to know.

SANDYDEEI don't want to talk about it, Lisa.

TAGMoon! Speak!

MOONBEAM: I stroked him for a while and then he still wasn't very hard so I gave him head.

LISA33: satish you tell me then, how big are you?

TAGLisa... let Moon continue.

LISA33: sorry, got excited there.

MOONBEAM: I just wanted to get him hard, but he made it obvious he didn't want me to stop. Completely selfish about it.

MOONBEAM: What a jerk. He just came in my mouth without even saying he was about to.

MOONBEAM: Then he went to sleep and started snoring.

SATISH11I am eight inches in length.

SANDYDEEThere he goes again.

LISA33: what a dick!

SATISH11Yes Lisa. It is larger than the average I am understanding.

LISA33: satish i was not talking about YOUR dick, i was calling steve a dick.

LISA33: what a dick!

LISA33: that time i was talking about your dick.

TAGMoon, was that it?

MOONBEAM: That was it for the sex. Stayed up late wondering what I was doing there.

MOONBEAM: With my kids two thousand miles away.

MOONBEAM: Then argued all the next day. And then that night I got this horrible phone call from my sister.

LolaB: This is everyone's last chance. Does anybody have any ideas? I really need to pass this

class.

TAG Lola... if it will get you off the topic... I think you first need to define elitism in such a way as to exclude Matthew Arnold, but include other poets like T. S. Eliot.

MOONBEAM: I fucked up. My husband had called my sister's, looking for me. He apparently kept calling, and when my sister said I was out with my cousin he called my cousin.

LolaB: Really good idea, Tag. I didn't think of that.

TAG Then you just need to show how Arnold doesn't meet your definition of elitism, which you've specially tailored to exclude him.

MOONBEAM: I ruined my life.

LolaB: That's a really great idea. That's perfect.

LISA33: tag, you're a damn genius.

MOONBEAM: My husband talked to my cousin and the whole alibi completely fell apart.

LolaB: Thanks!!!! I have to go write my paper now.

LISA33: okay moon... you have our complete attention.

MOONBEAM: I got home and my husband and kids were gone. I waited two days, then drove 10 hours to my sister's. Left behind a note begging my husband's forgiveness.

TAG: Wow.

LolaB: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

MOONBEAM: I've been drinking myself sick. I just want my family back.

SANDYDEE: Well maybe you'll appreciate them more now.

MOONBEAM: Yes. I will. If I ever see them again.

LISA33: you can have my husband, moon.

SANDYDEE: You should appreciate what you have, Lisa.

LISA33: i do, sandy, that's why i'm offering him to moon.

SANDYDEE: I don't think that's something to joke about, Lisa.

LISA33: but you have no sense of humor, sandy.

TAG: Well, I'm sure he'll come back.

MOONBEAM: My life is ruined.

SATISH11Moonbeam, may I ask, have you read Anna Karenina?

MOONBEAM: No. Why?

SATISH11: It is about an adulterous wife.

LISA33: great idea, satish. but doesn't she kill herself in the end?

SATISH11: I thought she might be learning something from this book.

TAG: Then after that she could read The Scarlet Letter.

LISA33: and then throw herself in front of a train.

MOONBEAM: Perhaps I will.

SANDYDEE: I don't think any of this is funny.

LISA33: so moon, did steve send you some song he wrote about you? some crap about a lute and a flute?

MOONBEAM: Yes!!!!!! How did you know?

LISA33: wrote me the same song.

LISA33: satish, are you really 8“?

MOONBEAM: What a lying scumbag.

SATISH11: Yes, Lisa33.

LISA33: did you actually measure yourself?

STEVE: HAS *LOGGED ON*

STEVE: Hello everyone.

MOONBEAM: Hello Steve.

LISA33: steve, just been talking about you.

SATISH11: Yes I did.

MOONBEAM: You're not welcome here, Steve. I just told the room all about you.

LISA33: why did you measure yourself, satish? was someone knitting something for you?

STEVE: It's all lies, I hope everyone knows.

LISA33: a penis-warmer or something?

STEVE: Did she tell everyone how she turned me off so bad I couldn't even get hard?

MOONBEAM: What a fucking liar. You were impotent, you idiot.

STEVE: That's bullshit. You just didn't do it for me.

LISA33: this is cool, this is like the jerry springer show.

SATISH11I was taking my anatomy class. I am a medical student. I was becoming interested because my cadaver was seeming very small.

MOONBEAM: You fucking ruined my life.

LISA33: satish, that's really weird.

SANDYDEEIt's sick.

LISA33: i've heard of guys comparing themselves to other guys.

LISA33: but usually they're alive.

LISA33: well steve, impotence is very treatable these days.

STEVE: All of you can suck my dick.

LISA33: appreciate the offer steve.

MOONBEAM: Of course you want everyone to suck you. Cause you can't get hard for anything else, you loser.

SATISH11I was just looking at this other man's penis for hour after hour. So I was naturally becoming curious.

LISA33: Steve, are you as big as Satish?

MOONBEAM: Steve's really small.

STEVE: She's lying. I hope you all know that.

SATISH11I have no practical sexual experience, though once I was holding a girl's hand.

GOODBAR: *HAS LOGGED ON*

GOODBAR: lisa! long time no see!

LISA33: steve, you should get together with sandy. she does not believe in judging a man by the size of his penis, right, sandy?

TAGThe nobility of that thought...

SANDYDEELisa and Tag, stop making fun of me.

LISA33: hi goodbar.

GOODBAR: What's the topic?

LISA33: Steve's really little wonker.

STEVE: She's lying, Lisa. And you're not fucking funny.

SATISH11Sandy, you look most pretty tonight. Your eyes are the emeralds of Ceylon.

TAGAren't we supposed to call it Sri Lanka now?

SANDYDEESatish, are you trying to woo me back?

MOONBEAM: I am not lying, Steve. Your penis is small. You just don't know it.

LISA33: ceylon sounds better though.

MOONBEAM: If it were a fish... it would be below the legal size limit.

LISA33: good one, moon.

STEVE: FUCK YOU, MOON!

GOODBAR: Can I PM you Lisa?

SANDYDEE You will have to try harder, Satish. I think you need to learn more about what to say when around here.

LISA33: not now, goodbar.

TAG Lisa, do you know every guy on the net?

SATISH11: Yes, Sandy. I am thinking in this country we are all speaking freely regarding sex. But then I seem to be creating troubles.

STEVE: I JUST WANT EVERYONE HERE TO KNOW I DO NOT HAVE A SMALL PENIS!

LISA33: stop shouting steve. we can hear you.

TAG: I think he doth protest too much.

LISA33: yes, he doth.

MOONBEAM: Well, I'm feeling a bit better.

LISA33: good, moon, you look better.

MOONBEAM: My life is ruined... but I am getting back at Steve.

STEVE: LISA AND MOON ARE LESBIAN WHORES!

LISA33: that one hurt, steve.

GOODBAR: Can I PM you later, Lisa?

TAGLisa is not a lesbian.

LISA33: thanks, tag.

LISA33: whatever, goodbar.

TAGJust sticking up for you there.

LISA33: 'predate it.

TAGAlso, the story about Lisa and the five Arabs is totally untrue.

TAG: Just defending your honor, Lisa.

LISA33: it was six.

GOODBAR: Lisa I need to go soon.

TAGAlso the one about the sheep and the horse is an ugly rumor.

LISA33: uh... that one IS true, actually.

GOODBAR: I love you, Lisa.

SATISH11Sandy thy beauty brings me home / To the grandeur of Greece and the Glory of Rome.

SANDYDEEI do like someone who can quote poetry.

LISA33: sandy admit it. you just want his eight inches.

LolaB: *HAS LOGGED ON*

MOONBEAM: After Steve I would settle for five.

SANDYDEESatish11 has a literate and romantic side that I happen to like.

STEVE: FUCK ALL OF YOU. I DO NOT HAVE A SMALL PENIS. SHE IS LYING.

LISA33: oh stop shouting.

TAGSpeak softly and carry a big stick.

LISA33: hah. he doesn't have a big stick, that's the problem.

STEVE: HAS LOGGED OFF

LolaB: Does anyone know anything about T. S. Eliot? I need to compare him Matthew Arnold.

TAG: Lola, please!

GOODBAR: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

LISA33: gotta go, tag. write me.

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

TAG: Where did she go?

MOONBEAM: Off with Goodbar?

TAG: You really think?

LolaB: Was T. S. Eliot an elitist?

MySweetPussyWantsU: *HAS LOGGED ON*

MySweetPussyWantsU: Hi. What's up in here?

TAG: Holy smoke.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Anyone want to PM me?

TAG: What planet is this anyway?

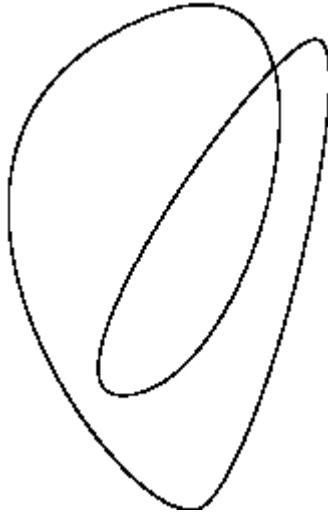
MOONBEAM: Hi Pussy.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Hi Moonbeam. Are you m
orf?

TAG: Night, everyone.

TAG: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

CHAPTER 6



12/23/99 11 31 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink com

TO lisa33@earthbridge com

LISA33: I'm so upset. I don't want to be. I don't want to not trust you. Except each time I think of it I can't think of any other explanation. I hate writing this in an e-mail because I don't want you to take it the wrong way and maybe it is perfectly innocent, and even if it's not, what claim do I have to your faithfulness? We are both married. And anyway, what does faithfulness even mean, since I have never spoken to you and I do not know what you look like. But you exist somewhere. Inside me if nowhere else. And I hate this miserable jealous feeling.

You left right after Goodbar, who kept wanting to chat with you. You said you couldn't go private with me but then you seemed to tell him maybe you could. And then when I tried to message you after I left the chat room you kept saying you couldn't chat with me. You were busy. But busy with what?

And you haven't written me. If you are trying to make me jealous you are succeeding. If your husband came in and you had to go, why would your ID still be out there like you were still logged on? Why would you have left ICQ running? Plus, in retrospect I keep thinking maybe you were a little distant with me in the chat room. You didn't talk to me much directly. Lisa, please tell me the truth, 'cause I'm going a little crazy. If you're

feeling differently about me I can take it. But I really need to know.

Tag.

PS I loved your last e-mail by the way. Did I tell forget to tell you that? I want you for my secretary.

12/24/99 01:22 AM

FROM steveo1997@avm.edu

TO moonbeam@hotmail.com

Well you won't be seeing me at Literoticus anymore. Just thought you

might be interested. Met this really hot girl who I'm living with. No prob

lem getting hard with her, either. Guess you were wrong.

This is goodbye.

STEVE

12/24/99 09:12 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

LISA33: why are you not writing me? Did my last mail offend you? Am I going totally paranoid? If you ever lost interest, or were mad at me, you wouldn't just stop writing me, would you? You would write me to tell me, so I wouldn't have to

keep waiting for you. I'm really going crazy wondering what has happened to you, and sometimes I even wonder if something serious has happened to you.

Well, it's Christmas eve day. I hope you're having a nice holiday. I wish somehow I could have gotten something for your son—a microscope or something, because I know he likes science—and placed it under your tree. My thoughts are still with you. It is so wrong of me to be thinking of you today instead of my own family. But I am.

Please please please write.

Love,

Tag

12/25/99 12:13 AM

FROM steveo1997@avm.edu

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well, you won't be seeing me anymore. I've found a new chat room. You don't really believe Moonbeam, do you? I could tell you stories... Only some people don't do that sort of thing. Well, if you want me you'll have to write me, 'cause I won't be visiting Literoticus anymore. I thought you and I had great possibilities. We're a lot alike, you know.

I hope you can still see it. If you can, then write me.

STEVE

12/25/99 04:41 PM

FROM satish11@uvc.edu

TO sandydee@rocketlink.com

I look forward to your reading this, Sandy. I feel I am knowing you better and we have gotten past some of our "difficulties," so I will like to tell you more about the "real" me. I hope that once you know me you may come to understand me better.

It is Christmas and I am spending it completely alone in my apartment. I transferred to a medical school that offered more money this year, and therefore do not know many people. My parents are residing in India and I have no family in this country.

The chat room is really the only friendly human interaction I am having, though I guess it is funny in a way to call it human interaction. Every day I am full with thoughts that nobody is hearing. I carry on conversation with myself everywhere I go. And sometimes I am thinking of you in these thoughts. I wish I would have a picture of you. I also wish I knew more about you.

I hope you are not still being mad at me in regard to my penis size. I am trying to learn about things related to sex. That is really why I am coming to that chat room before I met you. Now when I come it is in looking to see you there.

I look forward to hearing from you.

With warm regard,

Satish

12/26/99 07:33 PM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO humbert@hotmail.com

Hi. It's me, Moonbeam. You remember me? We exchanged e-mails back in October or something. Well, you wouldn't believe everything that's happened to me. It definitely was the worst Christmas of my life. Anyway, I've been thinking of you. I haven't been online much. I was traveling for a while. I think you go through some experiences not for the moment but as a way of building memories. I think that was why I went on my recent travel.

I was building memories.

That is probably why I had sex with a lot of the guys I've slept with, when the actual experience wasn't really that enjoyable. Though I guess it's also because I have a tendency to be impulsive.

Like, for example, I'll just see a box that looks neat and has a cool name, like "Count Chocula," or "Fruity Pebbles," and I grab it. Do you ever look at the nutritional information on the side, though? Like, I don't even know what they're talking about and I find myself reading it and thinking, "Wow, look at all that fucking Riboflavin."

Or else I sometimes study the cereal floating around the bowl when there's not much left in the milk. Do you do that? What I always wondered was like, why do the cereal things look like they're drawn to each other. Did you ever notice that—the way they suddenly pull near each other, and orbit around each other, and swirl into clusters? And I thought, is it some magnetic thing or

something? And then I had this sudden insight: they're touching under the surface, only you can't see it!

Well, the good thing is, I came back from my recent travel with a new appreciation for everyday life.

I'd love to chat with you, Hum. Meet me at Literoticus? Then we can go off to ICQ or something. And don't worry because I'm completely through with that Steve, who turned out to be a total loser. I sense now that there is the possibility of a real connection with you.

Look for me online. Tonight?

MOONBEAM:

12/27/99 09:49 PM

FROM lisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TAG: baby I'm sorry i haven't written in so long... knew you must have been worrying... so much is happening. about that night... i admit, i did go off and chat with goodbar for a sec... but only to tell him i had nothing to say to him. i wasn't cybering. i swear it. and i can't handle your being mad at me right now.

there were so many of these guys before you but they didn't mean anything, i'm winding them down cause i've found you and you're the one i want... taking me time though.

i am glad you liked my fantasy e-mail... (thought i really captured the uptight tag character.) i know i should write more, i owe you more, but i don't have it in me. things are bad here, i'm sorry.

lisa

p.s. hope you had a good holiday, mine sucked.

12/28/99 12:02 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO moonbeam@hotmail.com

hi moon... have question for you. remember a guy named o-rex from literotikus? any idea who he is? he sent me a Christmas card, only i never gave him my name or address, just gave him my phone* once, so i don't know how he found me... sent me this really nasty card to my home address, good thing i found it before my husband, i just sort of flirted with him once and he won't fucking leave me alone... well i'm trying to not freak out or anything... but who knows? thought you might know him.

lisa

12/29/99 03:11 PM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

I do not remember O_Rex well, if at all. But if you gave him your phone number there's Web sites now with reverse 411. You type in a phone number

and it comes back with a name and address. It's kind of fucked.

How's it going with Tag? Are you guys in love? Have you met him yet? He seems pretty cool. So do you. Well, now my husband thinks he gets to really treat me like shit. How long does he expect me to keep apologizing? We're still separated.

Have a good New Year.

MOONBEAM:

12/30/99 11:29 PM FROM.

lisa33@earthbridge.com

TO moonbeam@hotmail.com

thanks, you have a good new year too... and tell your husband to get over it.

men are such hypocrites,

lisa

12/31/99 08:07 PM

FROM sandydee@rocketlink.com

TO satish11@uvc.edu

Satish,

I read your e-mail with a good deal of surprise.

I would like to be your friend, Satish. Now that you have explained your situation, I think I

understand you better. I like that you can admit that you are inexperienced. Not many men are willing to admit to that.

You should write me more, like you did this time. Share with me some of those thoughts you carry inside you.

I suspect you will be a fine doctor.

For me, logging into Literoticus is like a descent into the underworld. But the underworld is fascinating, isn't it? In a way I feel badly for the people in there, because they put sex ahead of love. They don't seem to understand real love.

Well, I look forward to hearing from you.

Sandy

12/31/99 11:31 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well, I guess I should wish you Happy Millennium. Looks like you're not

online so I hope you're out having fun.

Write me.

Tag

01/03/00 09:29 PM

FROM humbert@hotlet.com

TO moonbeam@hotmail.com

I'll look for you tonight.

p.s. I sense a connection too.

01/04/00 10:16 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

LISA33: baby I'm trying so hard to not be upset or jealous. Only I have heard so little from you. I keep looking for you online and can't find you. And I reread your last e-mail and even there you seemed so distant.

Well, I will try to be calm and casual and tell you, at least, about one interesting thing. I'm definitely no longer a newbie. I was looking for you in the chat room and you weren't there (it was New Year's Eve) and I wound up talking to this woman, EllieK, and we actually sort of cybered.

We chatted for a good while together first. She had three kids and her husband walked out on them a few months ago and she seemed really really lonely. He left her for a younger woman.

She kind of pushed me along into the cybenng. Honestly I don't think it really does that much for me. And just as she was starting to get me hot, telling me how much she wanted me, she said (this is a quote), "does baby want to come out and play?" This actually made baby a lot less inclined to come out and play. Eventually, though, it did come out and play. Then she started referring to it as "the big guy." Somehow all of this focus on

size, first baby, then big guy, made my organ kind of self-conscious. It kept shrinking and growing, as though trying to keep up with her description, and she kept going back and forth. Also, we couldn't decide if we were in the shower together or she was climbing onto my lap at the computer. I started talking about the computer thing and she said, "what happened to the shower?" I'm not that into the shower thing, I guess. I was in the shower there for a while, soaping her breasts, but then I had nothing to say about it. I felt we needed a set change.

The sad part was at the end, after she came, she told me she was crying. We talked for a while more. "Aren't I pathetic?" she kept saying, "masturbating in front of my computer?" I told her not really, no more pathetic than most of the rest of the world. Then she told me she was actually touching the computer screen and pretending it was me. This part really WAS pathetic. But I didn't say that of course, because she seemed nice enough and I felt badly for her. I tried to cheer her up by being goofy. I think she would have preferred if I'd typed things like, "I'm holding you, right now. I'm there with you holding you." But I couldn't bring myself to do that stuff. I don't know why not, since I will never see her again. Eventually I just told her I'd had a really nice time, take care, I had to go. Is that what you say after anonymous sex?

Oh well.

My son said something funny today. He knows that Bill Gates is the richest man in the world and so today he asked me how much money Bill Gates had. I said, "I don't know. Somewhere around fifty billion dollars." My son said, "oh." Then he

thought about it some more. Then he said, “and how many cents does he have?”

Come back to me.

Love,

Tag

01/04/00 11:42 PM

FROM liquidjoy@earthbndge.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge com

HI LISA SLUT. ARE YOU READY FOR A VISITOR? I KNOW HOW TO FIND YOU. COULD BE LOTS OF FUN. YOUR PAL LIQUID

01/05/00 01:21 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge com

TO liquidjoy@earthbridge.com

fuck off, liquid, like i'm really supposed to believe you know where i am.

i know you're trying to freak me out... and it's not going to work, so go bother someone else.

you need help.

lisa

01/05/00 02:09 PM

FROM: Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

well tag i just read your e-mail and frankly, i'm pissed... i don't appreciate your doing that and i don't appreciate your trying to make me jealous and i don't need someone fucking with my head cause i get enough of that at home... if you only knew half of what was going on my life... well i hope you like your new friend because i consider this a rift.

lisa

01/05/00 05:33 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Oh god I just read your e-mail and i'm so upset. Whatever I did... I didn't mean it. Maybe I WAS trying to make you jealous, though I wasn't even thinking that way consciously, but if I was I shouldn't have. It's just I don't hear from you much. And your last e-mail was so distant. And you have all these other correspondents. I really thought maybe if I had some sort of distraction I would stop writing you so much, it would be more balanced, 'cause honestly I'm beginning to feel like I'm pestering you.

I'm not really thinking straight or explaining myself very well. Just tell me you don't really mean there is a rift.

You can mean't it.

tag

01/05/00 11:22 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TAG: really don't take it like that, i just got your mail and reread what i wrote and i'm such a bitch i didn't even realize how it sounded, i didn't mean it like that at all. i just... didn't like your trying to make me jealous... but i don't want a rift between us... i love your emails... and you're not pestering me at all... i'm just bad at replying sometimes, things here are making me crazy... and you don't want to hear me bitching on and on about my life and sometimes it's just all i can think about.

guess i do have a jealous streak though... and i don't like the thought of you with anyone else.

i have to go pick up my baby from soccer, (he's so bad when it comes to sports... last game the coach played him for like five minutes, i swear it nearly made me cry for michael he was so upset, i really wanted to walk right up to that coach and slap him.)

i'll write you soon, something good, i promise. (i think i proved one thing though... ditching you is definitely the best way to keep you interested, have to keep that in mind.)

lisa

01/06/00 10:55 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO tea33@earthbridge.com

It was so good to get your last e-mail, even if things aren't so great down there. I was really freaking, thinking I'd lost you. Couldn't get anything done at work because I was checking e-mail every ten minutes. Then at home I was doing Legos with my son and I could hardly focus on what I was doing. Suddenly I would hear his voice, shouting, "Dad, why won't you answer?" in my ear, and I'd realize he'd been trying to talk to me and I was in my own world. Emily started asking me what was the matter and I couldn't answer. Just shrugged and said nothing.

It's so unfair to them, what I'm doing. I tell myself I would never do anything to hurt my son, and here I am thinking about you and not paying attention at all when I am with him and actually thinking of the day I will leave him. The day I will really hurt him.

Write me.

Tag

01/08/00 10:55 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hi baby, have some time now and i told you i was going to write something good for you... so here it

is... only i guess you're the one to judge if it's really good or not.

anyway, i'm going to show you a little more of me now... hope you like it... kind of the anatomy of a nymphomaniac. not that kind of anatomy, silly, i'll show you that when you get here, you know what i mean.

do you remember a time before you started touching yourself? honestly I don't, is that normal? i started keeping a journal when i was like nine or ten... just silly stuff, dreams of running away or lists of kids i didn't like... but i think i was writing it because i was different somehow... the way I thought about things, and then those other feelings... the ones that had to do with sex... this private world other kids my age didn't seem to have, somehow, that was what i really meant to write about.

i remember we were living outside fort bragg... this neighborhood of little houses and little yards and clotheslines stretched along the sides of the houses... actually what i remember most is all the megasized underwear and panties and bras dangling from all the clotheslines... cause everyone down here is so fucking fat. (this is an example of my new, lyrical writing style, i'm modeling it after you. do you think i'm getting the hang of it? do i have potential as a great southern writer? a fresh, new "voice"?)

so what was i telling you about? oh yeah... my sister wanted to do everything i did, so she started keeping a diary too. and i was sure she was writing about me. so one day when she was out playing i snuck into her room and did one of those things you're never supposed to do. i started reading her diary, for the first few pages there was nothing

much there... presents she wanted from people, who she was mad at, whatever, i skipped over it. then i read this one entry, it went something like, "diary, i did something bad today, lisa was out playing kickball and i slipped into her room and read her diary..."

that sassy little brat! that damn... how dare she read my diary! only how could i accuse without her knowing how i found out?

i came up with this plan (am i a total bitch or what?): i got some jelly out of the refrigerator and smeared it on a few pages of my diary... then i waited until after dinner... and then i burst out of my room holding the book in my hand, calling out, "susie read my diary, susie read my diary, look, there's jelly stains all over it and i don't even eat jelly, i hate jelly, only susie eats jelly, she read my diary," so my dad started shouting and lecturing about honor... some shit he learned in the army (he was really big on personal integrity, right up until the day he skipped out on us) and he sent my sister screaming off to her room, and on her way to her room she glowered back at me and i stuck my tongue out at her.

that was it. all quiet, i was savoring my victory when an hour later my sister must have figured it out, cause she burst out of her room shouting, "lisa read my diary, lisa read my diary, i know cause that was grape jelly in her diary and i don't even use grape jelly, i use apple jelly, and that's how she knew i read her diary, cause she read it in my diary."

i couldn't think of much to say so i just stood there calling her a bitch and she just stood there accusing me and my dad said neither of us could watch tv for a week, which we both knew was

mainly so he could get to watch whatever he wanted (which back then meant Charlie's angels or something) and the next day when he went off to work my mother called us both together... we were still making faces at each other, not saying a word... and my mom said something like, "damn, we taught you girls some fine values," and then she said she had the two best girls she could ever hope for, cause who wants to raise a pair of goody-two-shoes anyway, at least her girls had some spirit and some creativity, and in a few minutes she had us both laughing, conspirators, involved in some hilarious evil.

my mom rocks, even though she's always driving me crazy, did i ever mention that?

okay tag, so here's the next interesting thing that happened to me:

i was eleven, i had a babysitter named mona... she was in her twenties, but really like a child in some ways... like i was on a par with her and she confided in me and we were friends... and she told me stories about her romances, including this impossible, tragic love affair she was involved in. "you gonna be a pretty one," she said, "the boys are gonna be all over you." i definitely liked the sound of that, she had a two-year-old daughter she brought over with her. we'd watch the daughter playing with her dolls and mona would say stuff like, "you gotta be careful though, it's real easy to fall in love with the wrong guy." so i suspected she was somehow involved with the "wrong guy," or at least had been, except she left it mysterious like that somehow.

mona taught me all about sex, what feels good, what guys were like, what they expected, i didn't even have to ask. it was like she had to tell

someone about it cause something was going on with her right then that she wanted to talk about, only she couldn't.

then when i was 14 it was turned around, i was babysitting for her then, for her little girl, mona would stay out late and come home looking upset and distracted, and give me thirty dollars and a quick hug... and i'd walk home wondering what i'd done for that hug.

so i planned it for one of those nights i was babysitting for mona. her daughter was sleeping in the next room, the doorbell rang, and i opened the door and this boy i was friends with came in. i didn't even know him that well, but i liked the idea of it happening at mona's, somehow, like she was the one who taught me all about sex. i was her student, and it was like now i'd finished all the classwork and it was time for my lab.

we opened the liquor cabinet and drank and groped and i reached down his pants felt him get hard and... applied it. that's what it was like... like my virginity was some medical condition and i needed to take this thing and insert it into me according to the instructions to take care of my condition.

it lasted exactly one thrust—squeeze, squirt, over—just like squeezing a bit of ketchup from a tube, i reached down between my legs and wiped myself off and thought, there, over with... only from then on everything that had happened before that i measured back from that date, and everything that came after was measured in years after it... a year after i lost it, two years before i lost it, like Christ's birthday... like instead of b.c, for me there is b.s.—before sex. (am i the ultimate slut? don't answer that.)

mona came back late and teary-eyed, and sent me away with a hug and a kiss that was more urgent than usual, and i walked the mile home full of all different feelings—wondering about mona, and then thinking i wasn't a child anymore, i had this secret now, something had happened in my life and i was different, only when i got home... i could tell something was different there too. something was wrong, my mom was sitting in the dark, with an open bottle of vodka next to her. she just looked up at me vaguely and the first thing she said was, "that motherfucker." then she showed me the note—from my father, he wasn't coming home, he'd taken a few things, he'd left some money, he loved us. bye.

the next thing my mom said was, "i oughta blow his fuckin head off." then she almost smiled at the thought.

"well i'll be glad to help," i said, and then we both just started laughing, because it was just such a funny image, the two of us pointing a shotgun at my father, i think it was right then that my mom and i became more like friends, we were on the same team, no matter how badly i messed up.

well... i better keep going with the story here.

after that night mona stopped calling to ask me to babysit, only i wanted to try that thing with that boy again, finally i called her to see if she needed me to come over, she sounded strange, oh hi. no... i don't think i'll need any help this week, but thanks.

then i heard this other voice call out in the background, "who's on the phone?" it was muffled, but it sounded familiar, suddenly it hit me, and a chill came over me. (well, actually a chill didn't really come over me. what i mean is, it

was one of those situations where a chill would come over you.)

it was my father. and it all came together then, all her warnings about falling for the wrong guy. of course, it was my father, he was the wrong guy. “dammit, mona,” i said, “you were screwing my dad. all along.” “i couldn’t tell you, lisa, i wanted to.” “holy Christ.” “i know,” she said, “i’m sorry, i really tried to avoid this, only...” “only you didn’t avoid it,” i said. “we just got to the point... i can’t explain... we had to. i’m sorry.” then i heard my dad in the background again, “can i talk to him?” i said. she put her hand over the receiver, some long muffled exchange.

then her voice came back on. “i need to go.” “why can’t i talk to him?” “i need to...” then she hung up. i broke it to my mom where dad was and she said, “what a pair of fools,” and poured herself a drink and said, “fuck em” and that was that.

so can i skip the rest of my high school years? you don’t really care about that, do you? i was a mess, i fucked a bunch of guys, that’s basically all that happened, i was just like a guy too. afterward it is was always like, well, gotta go, see ya... cause they were all way too boring to have to sit around and listen to. did i tell you i got A’s in high school?... i did. right up until the boredom got unbearable and i just dropped out and then i took that stupid high school diploma equivalency test (you can imagine how challenging that was, like: which number is larger, 19 or 23?). and then i tried college and then i dropped out of that too. and all the while my dad lived a mile away, with mona, and we hardly ever spoke, he did start calling, at least every now and then, but then i was the one who refused to talk, i would grunt one-word answers back to him, and he’d suggest taking me

out to dinner and i'd tell him i was busy, i think i kept wanting him to say something more, apologize for what he did, or even just acknowledge it, that he'd lied and cheated and run off on us... but he never did. it was all that military honor crap, it didn't mean you actually had any more integrity than anyone else, it just meant you could never admit it if you did anything wrong.

then one day years later... i was waitressing in macon then... there was a message on my machine from mona. she would have called sooner but she had trouble tracking me down, my dad was in the hospital, he'd had a stroke, he was in a coma.

i never had a chance to speak to him again... not that i had anything in mind to say exactly... but i at least would have given him one more chance... one more chance to say something to me... to ask me to forgive him... cause you know i would have then.

... oh tag. i know i pretend things don't affect me... but you know they do.

what i remember most about my dad's funeral was mona's daughter

she was ten years old by then, and crying, and i remembered babysitting for her when she was little, maybe you never get over that feeling of having taken care of someone once and still wanting to take care of them... but i wanted to hold her in my arms and comfort her and tell her all about how i used to babysit for her when she was four years old.

my mom and sister came to the cemetery with me, and i was kind of expecting some scene between my mom and mona, only it didn't turn out like

that, everyone was too busy feeling bad for her little girl, and my mom wasn't going to say something to mona in front of her.

"it's okay," mona said, stroking her daughter's hair, she looked across the cemetery dreamily, almost like she was still a child herself, "they're all happy here."

that's when my mom spoke up finally, "well i wouldn't say they're happy here," she said, cause she hated it when people refused to own up to reality, "on the other hand... they're not complaining." i looked out at all the headstones and it was the truest thing i had ever heard, they weren't complaining, that was the good thing about dead people, they'd finally stopped their complaining... and suddenly i smiled at my mom and she smiled back, and then i was laughing, i couldn't help laughing, i looked up and by now my mom was laughing too, cackling actually, i guess mona thought we were both crazy.

well, tag baby, there's one other important thing that happened the day of the funeral, i met my husband there, but that's gotta be another story, worry if it ends in murder.

i guess it's your turn, baby... 'cept you're right that your life really is boring. just kidding, tag. i love reading about spoiled suburbanites trapped in

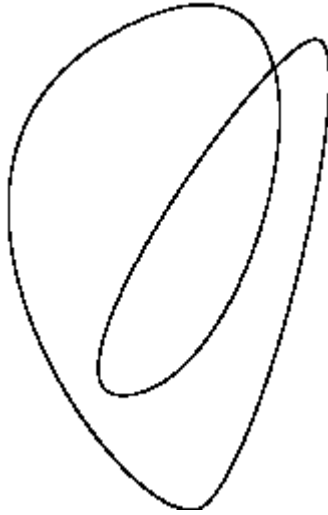
boring, repressed marriages, it's endlessly fascinating.

just kidding again, really, can't help myself, can i?

love you, baby, no lie.

lisa

CHAPTER 7





01/09/00 09:55 PM

<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html/pvt11>

LISA33: *TAGAABBCC HAS INVITED YOU TO A PRIVATE CHAT.*

TAG: I think I like your Mom.

LISA33: well she's coming over later, want me to put her online? you two can chat together.

TAG: That's okay. Rather stay with you.

LISA33: she's cool though... 'cept one thing she's been doing that's been driving me crazy...

LISA33: she never closes the bathroom door all the way.

LISA33: even when michael's around, you can always peek in and see her sitting there, isn't that weird?

TAG: I guess so.

LISA33: but it's always like mostly closed... like she really did close it... only somehow it's the door's fault that it didn't shut all the way.

LISA33: so is this turning you on? are you hard yet?

TAG: Ha. I liked your e-mail.

LISA33: oh who wants to talk about that? that was ages ago.

TAG: What do you want to talk about?

LISA33: hmm... let's see... got it... why not tell me how you'd like to fuck me.

LISA33: and be a little depraved for god's sake.

TAG: God wants me to be depraved?

LISA33: he does, he wants you to fuck me REALLY HARD.

LISA33: he told me.

TAG: You're wild.

LISA33: i want my whole body to ache from it.

LISA33: i like it like that.

TAG: I could like that.

LISA33: so when are you coming down here?

LISA33: i want you.

LISA33: i want you fucking me with my legs hig

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

01/09/00 10:28 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO lisa33@earthbridge.com

Lisa? Are you okay? Why did you jump off like that? I'll stay online a bit more and see if you come back on.

01/10/00 02:01 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well, it's 2AM and I'm giving up. Hope everything's okay. I'll check e-mail in the morning.

Love you.

Tag.

01/10/00 03:55 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

sorry about that... the middle of the night now but i just had to send you a quick note... oh god.

he caught us! i can't believe it. i really thought he was sound asleep but he heard me typing and snuck up on me... just tip-toed in right in the middle of my typing and... and you know what else i was doing.

he knows me too. he's always thinking i'm cheating on him even when there's nothing going on at all... cause he knows my mind, so he didn't even ask me anything, he just started throwing things and calling me a whore and telling me to get

the fuck out of the house, and i was saying fine i will, i'm leaving, and then he got scared cause he knows he doesn't really want to lose me... so then he just grabbed his hair and started pulling at it and cursing and then he just started crying... it was horrible... he was just crying after a while cause he knows in the end he is helpless... and of course i felt bad for him... but not as bad as I

probably should have, and honestly i just want him to go now... i don't want to see him tomorrow, i want you. I'll write more as soon as i can.

love,

lisa

(it's funny how you live in dread of something for so long and then it finally happens and it's over and you realize in a way it is what you have really wanted.)

01/11/00 09:47 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Wow!

I'm at work so only have a couple of minutes.

Will you still be able to come online? What was he like today? Hope you're okay. I'm swamped here today so I have to keep my mind at least slightly focused. Better go.

Tag

01/13/00 11:07 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Been two days now and I don't even know if you have access to e-mail anymore or what is going on. I know it's a crazy time for you but if you are reading this please just hit reply and let me know you're okay. I'm dying to hear something. Have things settled down with your husband? What's happening?

Tag.

01/14/00 02:55 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hi, sugar, still alive... and there's some news here.

i threw him out!!!

did it. gone. over, can you believe it?

hardly slept for two days... lots of screaming and crying... but feel a whole lot better now. michael's doing better today too... at least on the outside... though last night was his first night without his dad and he completely fell apart—actually hit me—when i told him he had to get ready for bed. then he ran away and started crying, but in the end he calmed down and i snuggled up next to him on his bed and told him it was gonna be fine... and i was surprised at how much he was able to ask about and talk about... and then he asked me if this meant his dad and i would stop arguing, and i was

in the middle of answering him, going on and on and really proud of how calm and wise i was sounding, when i suddenly realized he was sound asleep... and that's when i suddenly lost it myself and started crying myself and kissing him and then wiping my tears off of his sleeping face, sweet little baby.

anyway, after michael finally got to bed i couldn't sleep either... strange to not have that other body on his side of the bed even if it's a relief... so i got up and wrote the rest of this story out. only you can't judge me on it baby cause i've gotten no sleep in two days and i'm still a little crazy, well... here it is. you remember i told you i met my husband at my dad's funeral? here's the rest of it.

after the cemetery we all went back to mona's and there was this guy there, mona's second cousin, who was bringing me drinks and telling stories about my dad... even then if i was thinking straight i would have seen he was loud and obnoxious... laughing loudly at his own jokes... but at least he was distracting—not full of that greeting card condolence crap (cause really if there was a day i should have received condolences it was the day i was born to that man, not the day he kicked it), so anyway, there was this guy who was pretty much indifferent to who i was or where we were, and i liked that, and anyway he was there, talking with me, and i didn't want to be inside that room full of all these people acting out like they're in mourning, and he was someone to escape with... to get away from that place with... so i just drained my drink and asked if he had a car and told my mom i was going out for a while and left with this guy.

then we were speeding wildly along these country roads, and he took out a bottle of something and

drank and passed it to me and i drank... and the sun was blaring and my throat was burning and everything was racing past us... blurry... way far away, we both were laughing at what we were doing... splitting a funeral like any other boring party... and the car was swerving and i was shifting with it, falling against him, laughing... and then i was just against him, leaning, and we weren't laughing so much anymore... and then i was rubbing against him, feeling between his legs and telling him to pull over, and then i was climbing on top of him, and we were off on a dirt road and i was fucking him and my father could go to fucking hell.

we landed for the night in a motel god knows where... it didn't make any difference... and did it every which way (one thing i will say was he was good in that area) and i called my mom and told her not to worry and then we did it again, and then the next morning he drove me back down to macon where i was waitressing and stayed on, cause he was between jobs... that's what he called it... and we drank and fucked and laughed at how degenerate we were and married two weeks later.

oh god tag, what an idiot i am! can you believe i messed up this badly? cause i just liked the idea of being outrageous... and shocking... and degenerate, i listened to his stories and laughed along with him, telling myself they were funny, but really what was funny, or what was supposed to be funny, was just what we were doing, how we had met... cause i knew the day i did it it was a mistake... the day i married him. i KNEW it.

anyway here's the rest: he got a job selling cars... something to keep him going... and we moved into a little rented house right next to a house that had burned to the ground, and by then i was stone

sober and he was still drinking... and i looked at him and i thought, i married a fucking red-faced car salesman... a fucking alcoholic who tells stupid stories he thinks are interesting and cackles at his own jokes, there i was at my dad's funeral and he's finally gone, so what do i do? i pick up the first guy i meet and marry him. and there i am imagining i am so wild and unpredictable and instead i am so fucking obvious it's embarrassing.

... though actually that's one good thing about living down here: people are too dense to even see it. (do you feel that deep, aching love of the south coming through in my prose again? the love of the land and the people so powerfully evoked by kathenne anne porter and carson mc-cullers and eudora what's-her-name? maybe i should apply for one of those prizes—\$1,000 to the writer who best depicts, in an inspirational and uplifting way, the state of georgia?)

where was i? dammit tag. quit getting me sidetracked.

oh yeah... i knew he would never amount to anything when he started talking about the fact that he was selling BMWs as though somehow that made a difference, that made him important... he actually cared about the damn cars, cared that he was selling BMWs because

only losers sell regular cars, i actually listened to this... and you can imagine how interested i am in vehicles.

well you know we had michael... only by the time he was six months old we were already hardly talking and the sex was over, or at least the good sex, and he was getting paranoid, accusing me of coming on to every guy in town and calling me a slut to my face (i'm the only one allowed to call

me that) and yelling at me about everything from michael's crying to the fact that i looked at some guy wrong in a restaurant (cause suddenly now it was a bad thing that i loved sex, don't ask me how that change occurred, but then that is the ultimate male dilemma with me isn't it?).

well, tag. that's my marriage, until about two weeks ago. i haven't told you this yet, but a couple of weeks ago, michael and i took my mom to the hospital, they think she might have a tumor (that is another story, only it is too painful and scary to even write a word about because i'm afraid, somehow, that if i write about it i will be making it real... which i'm sure is why i haven't told you about it, but of course it's part of why i've been acting crazy), anyway, when we came home from the hospital he starts screaming at me, screaming that there's no fucking food in the house, i really hated him then.

so then when he caught me online with you i knew i just wanted him out anyway.

so baby i guess this is a really long way of telling you something that i'm almost afraid to actually type: i'm free now. you can come to me. only i'm so screwed up i doubt you want me like this, but i'd be good to you, tag. not like i've been, my home is your home, my pussy is your pussy, come to me. if you want to.

only don't tell me what you're thinking about that... or about any of this, i don't want to know, not right now, anyway just write me something sweet, tell me a story.

lisa

01/16/00 10:55 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Hi there. Hard not to react somehow to everything in your last e-mail. Sorry about your Mom. At least let me say that.

But I did write something else I thought you might like. It's something I've always wanted to tell you about, actually. I'm not sure why but it seems like now is the time. It happened to me when I was young and I don't want to give away the ending, so you'll just have to trust me that there's a connection.

Of course there's a girl in this story. Her name was Alyssa. She was in my second grade class, and as pretty as could be. She lived in the older part of the neighborhood, one of the smaller houses that was there before they built it into an upscale subdivision. And of course I didn't play with girls. So I didn't really know her until school was out and it was summer and the neighborhood was suddenly deserted.

My brother was off at a sleep-away camp and my parents were in California, on vacation from being parents, and my grandmother was taking care of me. Suddenly there was nothing for me to do with all of those warm, beautiful days but ride my bicycle around, lonely and bored, hoping I would run into someone.

One day I found Alyssa outside her house. I pulled my bicycle over and said hi and her eyes were all excited. She had just gotten a guinea pig, and she asked if I wanted to see it. "You can pet it if you want." So I got off my bike and went inside. (It

was probably the first house I had ever been in that didn't look perfect and spotless and new, and that was amazing all by itself.) We played with the guinea pig for a while, she held it and kissed it, and then we went off and did other things.

I spent the rest of the summer with Alyssa. We played baseball and climbed trees and sat atop the elementary school jungle gym imagining we were on a ship looking for buried treasures. I was a little old for make-believe, but she had a childish excitement, a flair for the dramatic, and these wild, bewitching eyes. I could get lost doing just about anything with her. Some days I played "house" with her, played with her doll collection, baked brownies from a mix. I didn't really understand the girl's world I had somehow found myself in. I didn't even understand Alyssa. But I was thrilled, being with her.

Later in the summer, as we grew closer, she would give me a kiss when I arrived on my bicycle. She would say something emphatic, like, "I'm just so glad you're here," at once more grown-up and more childish than her age, and then she would take my shoulders and put her lips on my cheek—like she was bestowing something precious on me, like she already knew her female power and was granting me some special favor she knew I would cherish.

My memories of what we did during that summer are mostly frag-ments—drawing with chalk on the sidewalk, running through sprinklers, whatever—but a few moments still stay with me: once we were sitting in my kitchen having lunch, and Alyssa was explaining evolution to me, which I already knew about. Then she asked, "Do you think, like in a million years we could go to the zoo and look at the chimpanzee cage and there'd

be, like, people in it?” It always stayed with me because it is such a strange, vivid image.

Then I remember—and this is an even more vivid image—riding bikes to a pond she knew of on her side of the neighborhood. There was an old, rotted barn we leaned the bikes against, and then a path down to the pond. It was hot and we didn’t have bathing suits and she just undressed and stood there naked and dashed into the water. There were no words for my amazement. Did other people do that? Were they different about nudity in her family? I just stood there for a moment, unsure of what to do. Then I undressed and we swam, and it created a secret between us, something we both knew and never spoke about to anyone, and never could even speak about to each other. Do I need to say what I thought of her by then? What eight-year-old’s mixture of lonely yearning and fascination and love?

I remember one other time with her. It must have been fall by then, because we were climbing around an apple tree. And then she was hanging upside down in the tree, holding an apple in each hand, as though her arms were branches and she was a live part of the tree. And I was standing below, trying to reach up and pick an apple from one of her hands. But whenever I reached for one, she would pull it away from me, laughing.

When third grade started she was assigned to the other teacher. Our classes would pass in the hall, single-file, and she would wave to me and we would make eye contact and I would wave back. But my own friends were back in town then. And she was a girl. So I saw less of her.

Later in the fall I remember my mother talking in a hushed tone about Alyssa’s family—how sad it

was, how hard it would be, with three children—and I figured out that Alyssa's mother was sick. And then the next thing I knew her family had moved away. I learned later that her mother had been rushed to the hospital in a diabetic coma and they were having trouble controlling it. The family had moved closer to the hospital where she was staying.

When I was in fourth grade my mother got a phone call from Alyssa's father. Alyssa's mom had died a few months before. They'd moved back to the next town and he wondered if I wanted to see Alyssa. But somehow I was horrified at the thought. I wouldn't do it. When my mother tried to talk to me about it I hid in my closet. And when my mother opened the closet I ran outside.

I didn't want to. I wouldn't. She wasn't going to make me.

Maybe it was our secret swim, naked, that suddenly, years later, I was frightened of, wouldn't be reminded of. Or maybe it was simply all of that shameful time spent with a girl. I was so much older now. Couldn't they tell how much older I was now, how wrong it had been? How we couldn't possibly be friends now.

Or maybe it had something to do with Alyssa's mother's dying. Nobody I'd known had ever died before. Would Alyssa be different? Unrecognizable? Scary? Would her house have death in it?

I'm not sure what excuse my mother made for me, but I never did see Alyssa again.

Every now and then, even now, I can't help but wonder if I hurt her feelings—my refusing to see her. How did her father explain it? And wasn't it

especially cruel to do that to her right after her mother had died? What I've wondered most of all is what became of her. I've imagined running into her again somehow, rediscovering her, meeting her as a grown-up, undoing my refusal. For years it was one of my idle daydreams.

So Lisa-baby, this is the part I've been thinking about for a while now, and wanting to tell you:

You are her.

Of course, I know you're not, really. But to my imagination—to some part of me—you are. I keep thinking of you as Alyssa, grown-up. It seems like there are so many ways in which you are similar. And then your names. Sometimes, when I imagine what you look like, it is a grown-up Alyssa.

Does that sound really silly? Or crazy? Does it bother you? Of course mostly you're still very uniquely Lisa. But... you know what I mean. It's just something else that makes me want you.

Are things still a mess for you? Was this the sort of e-mail you wanted?

I hope so.

Love,

Tag

01/17/00 10:55 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

oh tag. i wish i could tell you i'm her.

i want to be her... for you. only are you going to start calling me alyssa when you're inside me, or something weird like that? well... whatever works for you, i guess.

you know i'm just kidding, tag. you're sweet, stop being so damn sweet, though.

lisa

01/17/00 11:22 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

I thought you wanted me to write something sweet. Why should I stop being sweet?

01/19/00 01:42 AM

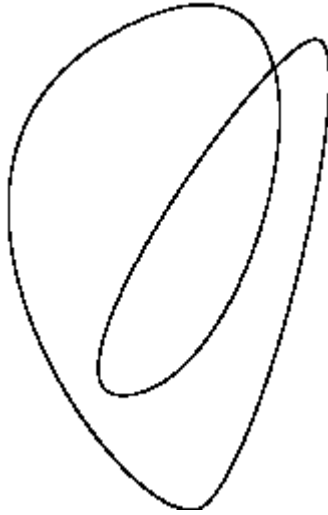
FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink com

dammit, tag. because. don't make me explain it.

lisa

CHAPTER 8





02/04/00 11:42 PM

<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html>

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED ON*

LISA33: what's up in this place?

MOONBEAM: Hi Lisa.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Hello Lisa.

SATISH11: Hello Lisa.

LISA33: christ it's like an alanon meeting in here.

LISA33: anyone want to talk about the higher power?

MOONBEAM: I believe there is a higher power.

LISA33: uh... moon... i was joking.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I agree, Moon. Though I do not believe in a Judeo-Christian God.

LISA33: what did i start?

MOONBEAM: How are you, Lisa?

SATISH11: I was hoping someone could answer a few questions for me.

LISA33: losing my mind, moon, how about you?

MOONBEAM: Sorry, Lisa. I'm surviving. Not well. But surviving.

LISA33: anyone seen tag?

MOONBEAM: He hasn't been here.

LISA33: dammit.

MOONBEAM: What's wrong?

LISA33: just my life.

MOONBEAM: I am waiting now for Humbert to show up.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I reject the Christian idea of God as a moral force.

LISA33: kinda figured that from your name, pussy.

MOONBEAM: I do as well, Pussy.

MOONBEAM: I believe when I am able to "sense" something it is coming from a higher power.

SATISH11: I am wondering if someone can be of helping in regarding question of intimate conversation over internet.

LISA33: what do you want to know, satish?

SATISH11: There is someone I might wish to experience this with. But I do not know if it is right to suggest it.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I don't believe God can be proven or disproven empirically though.

LISA33: just say hey baby, wanna go private?

SATISH11: Is that the right thing to say?

TAG: *HAS LOGGED ON*

TAG: wow, it's a party in here.

MOONBEAM: Hi Tag.

TAG: Hi.

LISA33: hey.

SATISH11: I am very serious regarding this person Lisa. Will that work?

LISA33: worth a try, satish.

LISA33: how are things, tag?

TAG: Okay. Swamped at work. Company i'm representing is getting bought. You?

MOONBEAM: I believe that some of my dreams, where I know they are true, are sent to me by a higher power.

LISA33: slightly disintegrating.

SATISH11: I do not know if I can type, "hey baby" to her.

MySweetPussyWantsU: You can try it on me, Satish.

LISA33: so how's the wife?

MySweetPussyWantsU: I question the role of organized religion though.

TAG: She's okay.

LISA33: damn her.

MOONBEAM: Me too, Pussy.

SATISH11: Should I really try it?

LISA33: you better not be having sex with her, tag.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Try it, Satish. Can't hurt.

TAG: We aren't scheduled for another two months.

SATISH11: It would be difficult in typing "baby" to her.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I do not believe that God created man in his own image.

LISA33: so where's the wife now?

TAG: Upstairs.

SANDYDEE: *HAS LOGGED ON*

MySweetPussyWantsU: I do not believe that God created man in his own image.

LISA33: didn't she just say that?

TAG: I think so.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I thought nobody saw it.

LISA33 think we all saw it, pussy.

TAG: I wonder though: If God created man in his own image, does that mean God has a penis?

LISA33: good question, tag.

SATISH11: Hello Sandy.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I think Saint Augustine had an interesting perspective on the meaning of God.

SATISH11: You look radiant tonight, Sandy.

TAG: And if God has a penis... does it get... you know . . .

MOONBEAM: I do not believe God has a penis in the traditional sense of the word.

LISA33: what is the non-traditional sense of the word “penis”?

TAG: Maybe she means like a metaphysical penis.

SANDYDEE: Hello Satish. Thank you.

TAG: Also, if he gets hard, I wonder what gets him that way.

LISA33: another good question, tag. what really gets god hot?

TAG: Exactly.

SANDYDEE: This conversation is completely demented.

LISA33: i think he's gotta have a thing about feeling all-powerful, typical male.

LISA33: maybe he's really insecure underneath though.

LISA33: plus what's he so jealous about? doesn't he keep saying what a jealous god he is??

MySweetPussyWantsU: I don't believe God has a penis.

LISA33: hmm... is that what he's all insecure about?

LISA33: satan's got a nice dick though.

SANDYDEEYou're sick, Lisa.

SATISH11I have been thinking of you, Sandy.

MOONBEAM: I believe God represents all the sexual force of the universe.

LISA33: moon... that is beautiful, thank you.

SANDYDEEI think of you as well, Satish.

TAG: So if he gets hard... would he... play with himself?

LISA33: that question wasn't as good for some reason.

TAGHow come?

LISA33: not sure, just wasn't that good a question.

SATISH11I would like to be sitting beside you Sandy, and holding your hand.

LISA33: going the slow route, satish?

SATISH11I am saying how I am feeling.

SANDYDEE: I would like that as well.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Saint Augustine never considered that question.

LISA33: well if he's got a penis... you know he touches it.

LISA33: cause he's a guy.

SANDYDEE: You're all insane.

LISA33: getting there, sandy.

SATISH11: I would put my hand in your hair.

SANDYDEE: Satish, that would be nice.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Why are you here, Sandy?

TAG: She has come to save us.

SANDYDEE: Maybe I am here to learn. I am fascinated by all of you.

LISA33: you're a perv, sandy, admit it.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Sandy, do you believe in a Manichean view of the universe?

SANDYDEE: Pussy, I don't know what that is.

SATISH11: I would like to have children someday.

LISA33: satish... uh... you're not getting anywhere.

LISA33: tag, can you pm me yet?

TAG: Soon. I think.

MySweetPussyWantsU: They were a Christian sect that saw the world in terms of pure good and pure evil.

SANDYDEE: I love children, Satish.

MOONBEAM: Want a 13 year old?

SANDYDEE: I don't think I can discuss morality with someone named MySweet... whatever.

SATISH11: So baby, do you want to go private?

LISA33: oy.

SANDYDEE: Who are you talking to, Satish?

MOONBEAM: I was raised a Methodist.

SATISH11: Nobody.

TAG: Satish, I have a question. When you measured your penis, how did you do it? Is there a correct way to measure?

SANDYDEE: Were you speaking to me, Satish?

MySweetPussyWantsU: Satish, I don't think Sandy was really the type for that approach.

LISA33: hmm... better tell her it was a typo, satish.

GOODBAR: *HAS LOGGED ON*

SATISH11: Are you angry to me, Sandy?

SANDYDEE: I just think you're a jerk sometimes.

TAG: I think if you measure along the bottom versus the top you'd get two different measurements.

SATISH11: I am expressing apology Sandy. Lisa was advising me to say it.

GOODBAR: Hey, what's up in here?

LISA33: it's true sandy, it's all my fault, hate me.

TAG: Is there a standard method of measurement?

LISA33: special measuring condom.

SANDYDEE: So you do everything Lisa tells you?

GOODBAR: I do everything Lisa tells me.

SATISH11: I just wanted to be trying it, Sandy. With you.

SANDYDEE: We don't need to hear it, Satish.

SANDYDEE: So if Lisa told you to get naked in public, would you do it?

MySweetPussyWantsU: Sandy, I would forgive him. We all encouraged him.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I would be happy to be private with you, Satish.

SANDYDEE: I'm leaving.

LISA33: be that way, sandy.

SATISH11: Don't leave because of me, Sandy.

SANDYDEE: You're all demented.

SANDYDEE: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

SATISH11: Will you teach me about this, really, MySweetPussyWantsU?

LISA33: tag, you're not coming here, are you?

MySweetPussyWantsU: I'll PM you. Hang on.

LISA33: that's sweet, Sweet.

TAG: What do you mean?

GOODBAR: Lisa, you busy?

SATISH11: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

MySweetPussyWantsU: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

LIQUIDJOY: *HAS LOGGED ON*

LISA33: i am, goodbar.

LISA33: coming down here, to visit, or stay. you.
tag. aren't.

LIQUIDJOY: So what's up here?

TAG: Do I have to answer that now?

HUMBERT: HAS LOGGED ON

MOONBEAM: HUM!!!!

LISA33: fuck yourself, liquid.

LIQUIDJOY: Say that again and I will cut your
tongue off and stuff it down your throat.

HUMBERT: MOON!

TAG: Sounds painful.

LISA33: and bad-tasting.

MOONBEAM: I feel your hands on me.

GOODBAR: I love you, Lisa.

LISA33: don't, goodbar.

LIQUIDJOY: SLUT

TAG: Come to think of it, you wouldn't taste it at
all, since you wouldn't have a tongue anymore.

HUMBERT: My hands are over your breasts.

LIQUIDJOY: SLUT

LISA33: have to go, tag.

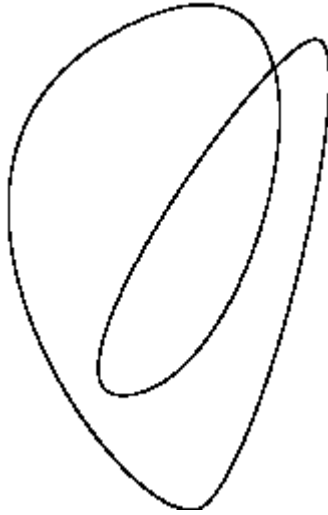
TAG: Don't, Lisa.

TAG: Liquid, you're a prick.

LISA33: love you.

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

CHAPTER 9





02/05/00 07:18 PM

FROM sandydee@rocketlink.com

TO SATISH11@uvc.edu

What am I to think about what you wrote me? All about what a serious person you are. I'll tell you what the hard part is though. You actually got me to fall for you. That's what is so upsetting. And you turned out to be like all the rest. This always happens to me. Well, I don't know why I'm writing this since I'm sure you won't bother replying now. I just wanted to let you know how you made me feel.

Good luck with your medical career.

Sandy

02/05/00 08:57 PM

FROM SATISH11@uvc.edu

TO sandydee@rocketlink.com

Dear Sandy, I would ask if you are mad at me, but you have finally persuaded me that that is not the issue. I wish I knew what it was. I really am a serious person, Sandy. I would like you to believe me. I do not consider my conversation with MySweet as affecting that.

Satish

02/05/00 09:21 PM

FROM sandydee@rocketlink.com

TO SATISH11@uvc.edu

Satish, this time I AM mad at you.

Sandy

02/05/00 9:53 PM

FROM liquidjoy@earthbridge.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

ARE YOU A CHEAP WHORE OR AN
EXPENSIVE WHORE? NOT THAT I CARE
BECAUSE YOU ARE GOING TO DO ME FOR
FREE. LIQ

02/05/00 10:49 PM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO humbert@hotmail.com

Hi Hum. I felt you last night on ICQ. You were
there with me, both spiritually and sexually.

You won't fucking believe what happened here.
My son keeps these pet mice in a cage and he left
the door open and they all escaped. I had no idea it
had happened and I was just watching TV last

night and one of them ran out right in front of me and I was so startled I just stood up on the couch and started screaming.

So now they're all just running around the house everywhere, nibbling through everything and making these weird scratching sounds all night. Plus leaving their droppings everywhere. But what am I supposed to do about them? I can't exactly set those mouse traps with the springs on them, since the mice are still supposedly my son's pets, and it might bother him to see them all squished. But it's just like having fucking mice in your house. Do you think they will go away voluntarily if I just forget about them?

I honestly wish my husband were here right now. Oh well. Any ideas? Maybe if you came to visit you could figure out a way to just catch them or something.

I want you, Hum. What do you do? You never told me.

Moon

02/05/00 11:01 PM

FROM humbert@hotlet.com

TO moonbeam@hotlet.com

Moon,

I am a policeman. A detective with the San Diego police force.

But don't worry. I am not on the job when I am with you. I have never been called in to help

capture mice—though I might make an exception in your case. It sounds like you need a man around.

Humbert

02/05/00 11 59 PM

FROM mysweetpussywantsu@earthbridge.com

TO satish11@uvcedu

Hello there. I really enjoyed our experience. Playing doctor has always appealed to me.

I hope you found it... educational. You are a good student.

I can't believe I finally I met someone with brains who I can talk to about more than sex. Usually guys I meet are interested in only one thing. Why is that? I'm reading that Brief History of Time you recommended and I find it very interesting, as it is a different perspective on many of the theological questions that interest me. I can't wait to talk to you about it... and other things.

Love,

MySweet

02/06/00 01:21 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

What happened to you? I kept waiting for you to come back online. But you never came.

I do want to be with you. You know that. I'm just trying to work it out. It isn't easy. I have my life here. But you know I love you. I want to help you and I want to be with you. I'm just struggling with how I will do it.

Please write me. You know how much I need to hear from you.

02/08/00 10:31 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink com

oh tag... don't mind me... i understand, you have a son... it takes time.

guess i'm not the happy-go-lucky sex maniac you first chatted with though, am i spoiling the fantasy? i can still get back into the old chat room banter for a while... but you know i'm not really there, on the surface i'm enjoying it... just the feeling of being the center of attention and being shocking and thrilled with my own charm... like at a party, but in the back of my mind i know something's wrong... and i log off and i realize i've been feeling strange underneath all along, really the chat room has always been like that for me, at least partly, maybe not some of the times you were there, but otherwise, i always felt kind of depressed underneath, only now it is so much worse.

my husband has been calling me every night, begging me to take him back... but there is no way

i'm doing that, just wish i knew how i'm going to pay the rent.

there is other bad news here as well... i told you they thought my mom might have a tumor, well... i still don't like typing this... she has a malignancy that has started to spread, i don't know how to deal with this one, and i don't want you to have to deal with me like this, she's dying, i haven't said that out loud yet, and typing it is making me cry.

you know it's why i'm acting a little crazy with you.

she's still exactly the same though, i was visiting her in the hospital the other night and she was laughing and joking with the nurses like they'd been friends for years... then she starts telling me the one good thing about getting to the other side is she gets to see what punishment my dad's getting in hell... and then she has me laughing and crying at the same time.

i don't know how she's so strong, she's always asking us if we'll be okay and telling us not to worry about her. i guess i will say the same things to michael someday, i try to imagine it though... lying in the hospital like she is and saying goodbye that cheerfully to michael... knowing i will never see any more of what will become of him, knowing i will leave him and never find out the rest of the story... and i think it's the most awful thought i have ever had.

i can sort of understand how you can say goodbye to life... cause most of it it sucks anyway... but i don't know how you say goodbye to your children.

don't come tag. i don't want you to leave your son. (i don't really mean this, i am just thinking it.)

will you do something for me, though? i want another fantasy e-mail, don't worry about my fucked up life or thinking the timing is wrong cause my mom is dying, or anything like that... just do it for me. i want it. i want to be with you in it. i want to be fucking you in it. you've created me... now you have to put me to use.

and let yourself go, tag darling, you can do anything with me... cause you know i'll like it.

thanks, baby.

preciate it.

and pray for me... cause i don't know what is going to happen now.

lisa

02/13/00 11:51 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

LISA33: darling, So sorry about your Mom. I'm thinking of you. Don't know what else to say. There must be something more I should say. But what? How can I help you from here?

Anyway, I tried what you asked for. Not sure I succeeded.

Here it is. Hope you like it:

It is afternoon, and raining, and your lover is meeting you at the airport. It is a different city this time. That is what you have chosen. Someplace that you don't know, that doesn't know you, that

doesn't know either of you. You have drinks together at the airport.

Last time you wore black. This time it is colors. Of course you looked at yourself in the mirror from every angle before you left to meet him. Your red tights and your red plaid skirt, down almost to the knee, your slightly see-through white blouse, the profile of your bra when the light shows through your top. You even lifted your skirt to see your tights all the way up to your waist, and put on heels to shape your legs better, and lifted your skirt again and turned so you could see your behind in the mirror.

Then before you got off the airplane, you stopped in the bathroom and looked at yourself again. Almost couldn't resist touching yourself, reaching over your tights, between your legs. But no. You did this for him. That part of you was for him.

Now you are having another drink and he is telling you he loves you. He is looking at you, drinking you in, you tell him you love him too, and he takes your hand and kisses you and takes you to a taxi, and in the taxi he is whispering to you, kissing you, telling you he is in love with you, and his hand is on your leg, your skirt, pulling the hem up your leg, and he is kissing your neck, and then his hands are on your blouse and the skirt is all the way up your legs, and you think about the driver, the rear-view mirror, wonder what he can see, but you are already excited. The windshield wipers are rocking back and forth hypnotically, and the vibration of the car, the rainy-gray light, the drinks you have just enjoyed—they are all lulling you, as though you are in a trance, and you look into his eyes and reach behind your back and undo your bra, and leave it on like that, and feel your breasts come loose, still covered, yet made available, and

his hand is on your blouse, over your bra, your breast, teasing your nipple as though touching it entirely by chance, so you don't even know when it will be grazed and when not, and you are leaning back farther, and then your bra has shifted and there is nothing between your breast and his fingers but that sheer blouse, and he is gently tracing your nipple now, too gently, maddeningly, you want more, you want his other hand, you want him grabbing your nipples harder, right there in the taxi, you want him fucking you already, and then your skirt is lifted all the way to your waist, just above the rim of your tights, and his hand is there, at your waist, along the top of your tights, and then moving slowly downward, touching you ever-so-gently, slowly, down to just below your navel, and you are opening your legs for that hand, wishing it forward, wishing it right there, right over that spot, right there right now, and it is still too high, moving slowly downward still, and you are thinking, Do it god fucking dammit, do it right here, and then, finally, it is approaching, right at that spot, right between your legs, it is stroking you, yes, good, only now you are wishing those tights weren't there, were somehow down your thighs, that hand were right there against your wetness, stroking you, and you were naked, or maybe not even that, maybe wishing the tights were around your ankles and he was fucking you, so when he whispers what he wants you do it urgently, lift up your bottom and pull your tights down to your knees for him and lean back again, and now his hands are everywhere suddenly, and emphatic, inside your blouse, grabbing your tits, and there, there between your legs, fucking you, that's good, and you say it almost by accident, "fuck me," because you are thinking it, of course you don't mean right there, right there in the taxi, of course you don't mean for him to fuck you right there, only now there is no stopping it, it is

happening too fast, your tights are off you suddenly, in one motion of his hand, and your blouse is up and your tits are there, naked, and you are pressed back on the back seat, legs spread, and he is fucking you, oh God, it is insane, but there is no stopping it, no stopping your own lewdness, no stopping his cock, thrusting into you, no stopping your need, your wanting it harder, your opening your legs wider for it, reaching for it, your nipples pressing against his chest, his hand in your hair, tugging, holding you there, and his cock thrusting harder, good, just like that, harder, harder, do it, do anything you want, just do it.

Then everything happens suddenly, the madness and dizziness and rush, the strangeness afterward, the wet between your legs, the cab pulling up to the hotel. Oh God. Your lover is suddenly talking to the cabbie and you have to get out and you are reaching for your tights and bra on the floor of the cab, trying somehow to fix your blouse and realizing you look insane, whatever, let them all look, and you pull your skirt back to where it is at least covering you and get out of the cab and walk up to the front desk like that, holding your tights and panties and bra in a bundle and flushed with sex and knowing your nipples must be showing perfectly through your blouse, knowing you are naked under your skirt and feeling a droplet of semen ooze along the inside of your thigh, thinking, So what if everyone can see I have just been fucked, I am going up to the room to be fucked again, so what if they know, if they are imagining reaching their hands under my skirt themselves, feeling my naked bottom and my front, reaching around from behind me and grabbing my nipples through my blouse and unbuttoning it, all of them, if they are imagining, all of them, lifting my skirt right there in the lobby, leaning me back on the floor and spreading my

legs and fucking me, all of them, there in the lobby, fucking me hard, grabbing at me, fucking me faster and me writhing wildly on the floor, mad with it, moaning, wanting it faster... until suddenly you realize no, this is not them imagining it, this is you imagining it, wanting it, and then looking at your lover and thinking, Hurry, take me up to the room, I need you, I need you again, I need to be fucked.

Love you,

Tag

02/16/00 10:51 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketltnk.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Hi there. Never heard back from you, and not sure what I should be saying today. Did you hate my e-mail?

I'll tell you one semi-interesting thing—about my son. He is going to be an atheist, I think. He was asking me about what religion was and the Bible and everything, so I read him some of Exodus. While I was reading he asked me, "Why does God keep hardening Pharaoh's heart?" I said, "I don't know," and he said, "I think they just wanted to keep the story going."

It is interesting though to see how he has passed through his Batman phase and his Superman phase and even his Michael Jordan phase and now his latest Superhero is God. That's all it is to him.

Then on Sunday we rented Hercules and since then he's been asking me all about Greek mythology. Then yesterday he said he thought he might be interested in Sunday school, only he couldn't decide whether it should be a regular Sunday school or "Greek" Sunday school. I asked what you would learn in Greek Sunday school and he said, "All about Zeus and Hades and stuff."

Well, I wish I heard more from you. Of course I'm wondering how things are with you and hoping you are well and things with your mom are okay. Maybe you and your son could come up here. We could be lovers. I could help you find a job somewhere. Give him a kiss for me.

Tag

02/24/00 01:22 PM

FROM. tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Isa33@earthbridge.com

Are you out there? What's happened? Write me.

02/25/00 12:27AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hi tag. still here, and course i liked your e-mails... specially the hot one... mmm... but you know that, don't you? i love the way you write, but i hate stroking your ego... cause i think it's already kind of swollen, i'd much rather be stroking something

else of yours... course that's probably swollen already too.

i know you don't want to hear anymore about my life here. so bye for now. love you. lisa one question i keep wondering, though: why did you tell me about that girl's mother dying?

it seems like you're telling me it's fated... about my mother, it has to happen... it has already happened... cause i'm her. i know you didn't mean it like that, i'm sorry, it's not like i take any of that spiritual stuff seriously or anything, i was just thinking about it.

lisa

02/26/00 11:21 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlnk.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Oh Lisa. I didn't think of that at all when I wrote about her. Now I feel terrible. You aren't Alyssa. Nothing is fated. Can you forgive me?

Love,

Tag

02/29/00 04:22 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Lisa? Wish you'd just write me something. Just a note or something. Are you mad at me?

Tag

03/01/00 02:27 PM

FROM: moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO humbert@hotmail.com

Dear Hum, I have lots of policeman fantasies. It's a turn-on. I wouldn't have expected too many police officers to be online though. Also, it seems like a lot of them are into bossing people around. But you're not like that at all, are you?

I am very good at sensing these things, and I believe there is a deep, spiritual connection between us. Do you like fucking up the ass?

One good thing about my husband being gone is I don't have to do the stinking laundry anymore. Since who is going to notice? If something gets really filthy I just throw it away and order something new from GAP.COM and type in his credit card number. I guess he'll figure it out eventually.

So my daughter has her first boyfriend! She's always on the phone with him, and I'm dying to know what they do when they're alone together. But how do you ask your daughter that stuff? Also, I think she found our porno stash, because everything was moved around in the back of the closet. I really wonder how all this exposure to sex is going to affect the next generation. And they will be the leaders of the future!

I'm so disappointed in our leadership these days. Clinton is the only president I ever really connected with deeply, I think because I knew he liked phone sex. I wish they'd asked him more about that—like whether he was masturbating while he was on the phone and stuff. But couldn't he have used the whole sex thing sort of as his excuse? Like, couldn't he just say that he got the facts all wrong because he was coming so hard he was practically unconscious?

Well, there's a spoon stuck in the disposal here I need to do something about, so I guess I should go.

Look for me on ICQ.

And write.

Love, Moonbeam

PS. It's cool that you're a fellow Californian—not too far away.

P.P.S. I think I'm going to call an exterminator. At least that way I'm not the one who's actually killing the mice. It's kind of like I'm hiring an executioner to do it for me. So maybe it'll be partly on his conscience and not mine.

03/02/00 11:53 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well, I'm not really sure what to say at this point. I don't know whether to be casual and friendly or intense and urgent (which is probably more how I am really feeling). Are you still out there? I

wonder if I will keep writing to you long after you have stopped writing back—if you will gradually transform from something that is half-fantasy to something that is all-fantasy, purely in my imagination. You will become like a child's make-believe friend.

Speaking of children, here is a joke that I know will cheer you up (I guess my tone is going to be pretend-casual again.) It's a riddle actually. Remember those? My son's friend—this really geeky six year old—told it to me this afternoon.

Son's Friend, "Wanna hear a joke?" Me, vaguely paying attention, "Uh... okay."

Son's Friend, smiling in anticipation, "What's a good name for a

mountain climber?" Me, "What?" Son's Friend, "Cliff! Get it? Get it? GET IT?" Me, not sure how to react, "Uhhh..." Son's Friend, coming up to me, an inch from my nose, screaming,

"DO YOU GET IT?" Me, "I do." Son's Friend, "CLIFF! LIKE A CLIFF. PRETTY FUNNY, HUH?" (At this point both boys start laughing.) Me, "Yes. It is funny."

Come back to me, Lisa. Or just come up here. I really miss you.

Love,

Tag

03/03/00 09:35 PM

FROM humbert@hotmail.com

TO moonbeam@hotmail.com

Hi Moon. You're right. Not too many police officers are on the internet very much— although some of us have needed to learn more. You would be surprised how many perpetrators these days use the internet to help with their criminal deeds. For myself though, I got involved with the internet from someone I know who does computer graphics.

I suppose it is true that some policemen do like bossing people around. But they're good people once you get to know them. And people don't appreciate how difficult the work is. But personally I'm not the bossing around type. I guess I was just interested in catching criminals.

Humbert

03/07/00 02:43 AM

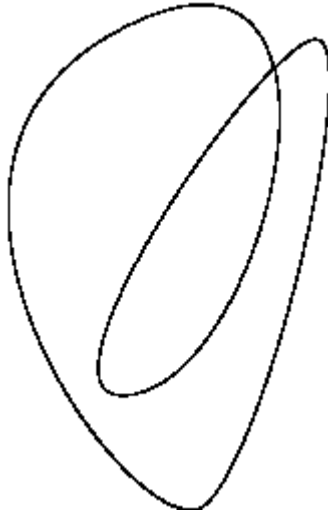
FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

my mother died at 11:30AM yesterday, oh god. just me and my baby now. been staying at the hospital, so couldn't write, do you really want me to come? really really? don't really know what i'm doing or thinking or what i am going to do now.

lisa

CHAPTER 10





03/13/00 11:35 PM FROM
tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO lisa33@earthbridge.com

Oh Lisa. My heart is really aching for you. I'm sorry my mails have been so stupid. They must seem so horribly frivolous when you are struggling with something so difficult. I do want you to come. I think you should give it some time and calm down and figure out what you're doing. I wouldn't have much time for you right now. Busy at work and don't want my wife getting suspicious yet and... well... not ready to hurt anyone up here. I think that is it. Maybe it is not that at all. Maybe I am just a coward. Come. Soon. I just worry. But you know I love you. Write me.

Love,

Tag

03/15/00 12:14 AM

FROM o_rex@earthbridge.com

TO lisa33@earthbridge.com

I KILL FUCKING WHORE SLUT CUNTS LIKE
YOU. SEE YOU SOON. LIQUID JOY

03/17/00 12:07 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO lisa33@earthbridge.com

Lisa, Haven't heard from you for over a week again. Thinking of you all the time though and wondering how you are doing. The daffodils already are coming up around here. It just occurred to me, just as I typed this last sentence that it's such a dumb cliché to say, "the daffodils are already coming up"—expressing both the passage of time and also, that most irritating of all literary themes: nature's rebirth. I guess it was meant to contain the hope that things are looking up for you. At the same time it is so artificial, isn't it? A man-made symbol of nature. Because after all, the daffodil bulbs around here were all placed in the ground by humans, hidden away during the winter just so they could surprise us in spring with their message of nature's rebirth.

Anyway, the snow is gone, and the garage doors are open and children are out riding on bicycles and tricycles.

Not sure why you haven't been writing, and as you can see, hopelessly at a loss for what to say. It just feels like you are slipping away. And I really need you back.

Well, it is still just a few weeks since your mother died and maybe you just need time. I'm thinking of you.

Don't forget me.

Tag

03/19/00 09:44 PM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO humbert@hotmail.com

Hi there again, Sweet Hum. You were great last night. I have been misled so many times, but I believe you will be different.

My husband's changed his credit card numbers, unfortunately. Plus closed our checking account. So money has become an issue here, at least until the divorce. But we don't need money, do we, as long as we have each other?

Well, I've had to start doing laundry again. But the good news is the pet mice are dead finally.

I really look forward to meeting you.

Your only Moonbeam.

03/24/00 11:52 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Where have you gone? I still check e-mail I don't know how many times a day, and every time I do my heart starts to beat faster in the hope that there might be something from you. And then my inbox is always empty. Or worse, it shows there is an e-mail, and I get all hopeful, and then it turns out I'm being spammed by SexyDebbie from some porno site. I still think about you all the time though, and sometimes I completely lose my focus at work. (Can I tell you what I'm busy with these days? I'm representing this cleaning company

which is suing this other cleaning company over trademark infringement. It's so excruciatingly boring that I'm not sure it is possible for a human to focus on it for more than ten minutes at a time.)

Well, I am now seriously considering the possibility that I may never hear from you again—that something has happened to you or you no longer wish to be writing to me. Yet you are still out there for me. And I have written something for you. I think I am trying anything to coax a reply out of you. On the other hand, if something has happened to you, there is no way I will know, and nothing I write can change it. Well here it is. I don't know if you will ever read it. But you are the only one I can tell it to. I will have to assume that you will write me—that I am not just typing this into nowhere.

It is about my only extra-marital experience. Are you interested? Are you there?

At the end of high school I briefly had a girlfriend who (unlike my wife) I actually had a good deal in common with, and usually a lot more fun with. Her name was Allison. (Is that a really suburban name? Should I change it to Chantal or Imelda or something?) I will sketch her as briefly as possible: pretty, cute, petite, lively, argumentative, abrupt, self-consciously sexy. She liked books a lot, and we laughed a lot and read and had highschoolish sex—brief, brilliant flashes, lots of awkwardness in between.

We didn't last very long. Summer vacation and then separate colleges, jealous arguments over her new boyfriend and my new girlfriend (even shorter-lived than Allison was, I'm afraid)—it all pretty quickly tore us apart.

Then just two years ago I went to my high school reunion where I ran into her. We hardly talked to anyone else there because we were so focused on each other, and by the end of the evening we were gazing into each other's eyes, full of unspoken yearning and regret and desire. It turned out we were living just one town over from each other, and she had a four year old daughter and I had a three year old son. So Allison and I did the modern, enlightened thing—got the families together for brunch and got the children together for play-dates. Of course we joked that someday the children would marry each other.

One Saturday morning I took my son over to her house when her husband was out. The four of us, Allison and I and her daughter and my son, played a make-believe game of being lions. This involved lots of crawling, roaring, chasing. Allison and I exchanged glances as we played.

Then we were all building a castle out of blocks, and then I can't remember exactly what—except that it was one of those times when children are completely magical, and so excited at what they are doing that they are bouncing, vibrating, can't stand still for the thrill of the moment, and Allison and I were probably feeling about the same, and when, at a break, I finally said, "what should we do next?" my son actually suggested ring-around-the-rosy, and joined hands with Allison's daughter, so to form a circle I had no choice but to take Allison's hand, and we circled and sang and I squeezed her hand and felt her squeeze back just as firmly and felt that very old sense of mutual attraction, acknowledged but not yet acted upon, that is so powerful that it takes your breath away.

After snack, when the kids ran off by themselves, we finally talked directly about what had happened

to us, wished we'd had more of a chance, wondered what our lives would have been like if we'd met when we were both more mature.

Suddenly the kids bounded back into the room with a question for us: "Do you guys want to play hide-and-seek?" Of course we did. "Grown-ups have to find the kids," they announced. Then they scampered off, whispering about where to hide, and we counted loudly, "one, two, three..." I put my hand in Allison's hair, "four, five, six..." we eyed each other, caressed each other, "ready or not, here we come." Allison and I moved from room to room together, stepping loudly, coughing intentionally so they knew we were coming, finally spotting them behind the bed but still pretending we didn't know where they were.

"Now where could they be?" I said loudly, for them to hear.

"I have no idea!" Allison exclaimed.

I dropped a pillow next to them so they started giggling.

"I hear something. Do you hear something?" Allison asked, again in a stage tone. "I do." And then, Allison, "Oh there you two are!!!" Squeals. Giggles. And then my son, "grown-ups' turn to hide." So the children counted (no doubt rather imperfectly) to ten, and Al

lison and I hurried upstairs to look for a hiding place. Suddenly she took my hand, squeezed it, pulled me into her bedroom, into her walk-in closet, and wrapped her arms around me. I don't know exactly how long we were there, hiding from the kids, kissing passionately. We whispered each other's names, kissed again, held each other tightly. It was probably just a minute or two until

we heard the footsteps and the giggling and we separated and the door opened and the light shone upon us: Side by side. Exposed. Guilty. “Found you!”

Well, that is my extra-marital experience. No sex, I’m afraid. We talked about it afterward and agreed to do the modern, enlightened thing and be friends and not disturb our marriages or our children or our suburban lives—our shallow, passion-free, tragedy-free, invalid existences. That is not how we termed it then of course. But maybe that really is the moral of all of my stories: Nothing happens here.

I hope you weren’t expecting something sexual. I suppose this is the wrong way to get a reply. I should have done another erotic fantasy. I will try that next.

Come back.

Tag

03/25/00 07:23 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TAG: it’s been so long and so much has happened... just got back from disney world, took michael and his cousin and spent pretty much everything from the inheritance... kind of crazy i know but i had to do something for michael after everything he’s been through, all i was left with was fifteen hundred dollars, isn’t that awful? and i know it hurt my mom that she didn’t leave us anything, she had three thousand dollars in her

bank account, and my sister and i just split it two ways and that was that, nothing else worth saving.

somehow i just wanted to get rid of my share as quickly as i could, and so i just ran away to disney world and blew it.

then when i came back there was this e-mail from liquidjoy that was REALLY scary—threatening... and worse, it was from o-rex's e-mail address... actually sent a chill through me (for real)... cause i think it means o-rex and liquidjoy are the same person with two logons, and he just forgot to use his liquidjoy e-mail address, and o-rex knows my name and address! i finally called the police... you can imagine how i enjoy going to the damn cops... and they're trying to find out who o-rex is through the web-site.

yes, i've been getting your e-mails, and i do like them, love them really, loved your hide-and-seek story... love you too... haven't said that in a while, but i have to admit it is true, sometimes they really leave me longing... cause there is a real world out there that is not so bleak and miserable as the one i am trapped in... it even has interesting people in it... like you. only there is no way to get there from here.

well, my love (you are that, too. you know i think about you all the time, i must have thought of you a hundred times at disney world), nothing has befallen me. i haven't disappeared... only, i sort of realized something... cause i reread over and over the one e-mail you wrote about how you wanted me to come to you but you wouldn't have much time for me... and felt more and more that what it was saying was just the opposite of what it pretended to be saying.

you don't really want me to come, i don't blame you for feeling that i understand it. i was always better for you as a fantasy than a reality, the problem, for both of us, is i AM real, i wish i weren't, i hate real life, i wish i lived in "chat room world" or something, but i don't, i don't blame you tag. i understand... but that is what i'm feeling.

and then i thought about your hide-and-seek story and i thought the real message was kind of the same... about you wanting her and not going for her. it was about how things don't change for you... and not just cause you're in suburbia, that's just an excuse, it's because you're you. because you won't let them change.

it was foolish of me to believe that one day you would just appear at my door, suitcase in hand, ready to start a life with me... but i did believe it. and then i hoped that at least you wanted me to come to you... share you with your wife... not that that would really make me happy in the long run... although it makes a nice fantasy, sexually... but even that much... scares you. i tried so hard to seem indifferent sometimes to make you want me more, but i can't anymore.

i am so jealous of your wife, tag. i think she is very lucky to have you. only she doesn't appreciate it. you have a wonderful imagination for sex and for everything else, and that is a rare thing, and she doesn't understand it and i do and she is with you and i am not... it's what i said before: there is no way to get there from here.

the thing is, i have to find a way to put my life back together now. and i can't do that if i am waiting for you.

lisa

03/26/00 01:20 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

I really need to talk about this with you, Lisa. I just read your e-mail and I'm so upset at the thought of losing you.

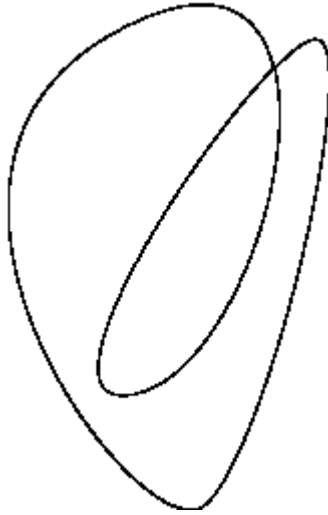
I do want you to come. Honestly it's driving me crazy how much I want you. And I've been thinking a lot about how and coming up with a plan and I've been wanting to IM with you about it, only you haven't been online.

Will you please please look for me online tonight so we can talk? I'll log on as soon as I can.

Give me a chance!

Tag

CHAPTER 11





03/26/00 11:27 PM

<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html>

HUMBERT: I'm reaching down your dress.

MOONBEAM: I feel the crotch of your pants.

HUMBERT: That feels good.

MOONBEAM: Now I'm slowly lowering your zipper.

HUMBERT: I like that.

SATISH11: I would like to be unbuttoning your blouse.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I'm wearing a sexy lace bra for you.

MOONBEAM: I reach my hand down inside your underwear.

HEATHCLIFF2: *HAS LOGGED ON*

SATISH11: I admire your shapely breasts.

HUMBERT: I'm hardening to your touch.

MOONBEAM: I stroke your cock with both hands.

HEATHCLIFF2: Hi all.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Do you want to touch them?

LolaB: *HAS LOGGED ON*

HUMBERT: Oh yes.

LolaB: Does anyone here know anything about the sixties?

SATISH11: I do.

LolaB: Can you help me, Satish?

SATISH11: I was talking to MySweet. I do want to touch her breasts.

MOONBEAM: I lower your jeans and bring my lips to your hardness.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I pull my shoulder straps down my arms.

LolaB: I have to write an essay on the sixties. I need to identify three lasting effects it had on American society.

HUMBERT: Yesss!

MySweetPussyWantsU: You gaze at my bared breasts.

HEATHCLIFF2: I think the sexual revolution is one.

MOONBEAM: I lick your cock sweetly.

LolaB: But is that a lasting effect?

SATISH11: I like that.

HEATHCLIFF2: I think so.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Now tell me you're fondling them.

LolaB: You don't think we're in a time of conservative backlash, as some people argue?

TAG: *HAS LOGGED ON*

MOONBEAM: Now I take you in my mouth and start sucking.

SATISH11: I reach for your breasts and am fondling on them.

HEATHCLIFF2: I think the sixties did change social mores.

HUMBERT: I watch it going in and out of your mouth.

LolaB: But what about AIDS and the religious right and everything?

TAG: Wow. What's going on in here?

MOONBEAM: Hi Tag.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Reach your other hand up my dress now.

LolaB: Tag! Can you help me? I have to describe three lasting effects the sixties had on American society.

TAG: Not another essay.

SATISH11: Okay. My hand is reaching within your dress.

TAG: So how did the Matthew Arnold paper work out?

SATISH11: I like that.

HUMBERT: Don't stop.

TAG: Who's fucking who in here anyway?

MySweetPussyWantsU: So do I.

LolaB: I got an A-! Thanks.

HEATHCUFF2 This is fucked.

HEATHCLIFF2: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

MOONBEAM: I'm sucking you again.

TAG: Me?

MOONBEAM: No. Humbert.

SATISH11: My hand is feeling up your leg to your bottom.

TAG: Why is everyone doing this here?

MOONBEAM: IM went down.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I like that.

LolaB: What were three lasting effects of the sixties?

MOONBEAM: ICQ was hanging.

TAG: Why do effects always come in threes I wonder?

SATISH11: My hand now is upon your pubic hair.

LolaB: Do you think the sexual revolution was a lasting effect?

MySweetPussyWantsU: I want it inside me.

MOONBEAM: You're thrusting faster in my mouth.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I think desiring to connect with the spiritual was a lasting effect.

HUMBERT: I turn you over now and take you from behind.

SATISH11: I am feeling your pelvis oscillating.

MOONBEAM: I guide your cock into me.

MySweetPussyWantsU: That one's not that erotic, Satish.

SATISH11: Why not?

LolaB: What about drug use? Did that start in the sixties?

MySweetPussyWantsU: Don't make it sound so clinical.

TAG: Anyone seen Lisa?

HUMBERT: I'm fucking you faster now.

MOONBEAM: Not in ages, Tag. You in touch with her?

TAG: I don't know. I don't think I'll hear from her again.

MOONBEAM: Did you guys fight or something?

TAG: No. Not really.

MOONBEAM: Are you upset?

SATISH11: I am stroking you insistently between your legs. (Is that better?)

MySweetPussyWantsU: That's better, Satish. I can feel it.

LolaB: Can somebody help me?

TAG: Very blue, I'm afraid.

LolaB: What about civil rights and women's liberation?

SANDYDEE: *HAS LOGGED ON*

MOONBEAM: Too bad, Tag.

SATISH11: Hello Sandy.

LolaB: Sandy, do you know anything about the sixties?

MySweetPussyWantsU: Hi Sandy.

HUMBERT: SO Moon, this is what you do now?

MOONBEAM: What do you mean, Hum?

MySweetPussyWantsU: Okay, Satish, what do you do next?

HUMBERT: I mean have disgusting public cybersex. That's what you do with your life?

MOONBEAM: Why are you saying this?

SATISH11: I... Sandy... do you want to talk to me?

SANDYDEE: Not if I'm interrupting your perverted conversation.

LolaB: Was civil rights one of the three effects of the sixties?

SANDYDEE: Yes, Lola.

HUMBERT: Will any guy do, or are you selective?

LolaB: What about women's liberation?

SANDYDEE: Well, that sort of started a long time ago.

MOONBEAM: Hum, you're upsetting me. There's no other guy.

LolaB: But did it really get going in the sixties?

SANDYDEE: Kind of.

MySweetPussyWantsU: Are you still aroused, Satish?

SATISH11: Not really.

HUMBERT: Fuck you, "Moonbeam."

TAG: Wow. What's he so weird about?

MOONBEAM: What did I do?

SATISH11: Maybe IM will come back up.

LolaB: Okay, so I have the sexual revolution, civil rights and women's lib.

SANDYDEE: There's also questioning of government authority.

HUMBERT: *HAS LOGGED ON.*

MySweetPussyWantsU: That started with Vietnam, but increased with Watergate.

HUMBERT: Who's this other Humbert?

MOONBEAM: What's going on here?

HUMBERT: Fuck both of you.

LolaB: Should I use that? Or should I stick with the sexual revolution?

TAG: This is weird.

HUMBERT: Fuck you, Humbert.

HUMBERT: Quit using my name.

HUMBERT: HUMBERT'S a faggot.

MOONBEAM: Who's who in here?

HUMBERT: Moon, I'm the real Humbert. The other Humbert is an impostor.

MOONBEAM: What?

MySweetPussyWantsU: I think emphasizing the individual was also a product of the sixties.

HUMBERT: SO this is the faggot you're fucking around with?

HUMBERT: See his lower-case 'u'? He's a fake.

MOONBEAM: Fuck.

LolaB: But I can only use three effects. Which should I use?

HUMBERT: I wouldn't worry, Mindy. Or is it Moonbeam?

MOONBEAM: Who are you?

HUMBERT: Nobody important.

HUMBERT: Quit being a dick Humbert.

HUMBERT: GO fuck yourself, Humbert.

SATISH11: Sandy, are you still being mad at me?

MOONBEAM: Fuck! Who the fuck are you,
Humbert with the lower-case U?

SANDYDEE: No, Satish. I'm amused. I'm
amused by the fact that you are with someone
pathetic enough to use the name
MySweetPussyWantsU.

MySweetPussyWantsU: It's just a joke, Sandy. I
was trying to be ironic.

SANDYDEE: You really expect anyone to believe
that?

MySweetPussyWantsU: I was making fun of
people who are always on the prowl for sex.

LolaB: Well thanks everyone. I'll log on if I have
more questions.

LolaB: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

HUMBERT: Are the kids asleep, at least?

HUMBERT: Who are you talking to, false-
Humbert?

HUMBERT: I'm talking to Mindy. I'm asking you
if at least the fucking kids are asleep, or if you're
doing this right in front of them?

SATISH11: Sandy, I am thinking we should end
our things between us.

MOONBEAM: Fuck.

HUMBERT: Who is he?

HUMBERT: Don't you want to know, asshole.

TAG: So do two Humberts make a Humbert Humbert?

SANDYDEE: You're not the one who gets to say that, Satish. They were over long before you said that.

SANDYDEE: I'm just glad you realize it.

MOONBEAM: Fuck.

MOONBEAM: DAMMIT.

MOONBEAM: Humbert, meet my husband.

MOONBEAM: How did you know where to find me??

HUMBERT: Been logging on here and watching you for a while.

HUMBERT: What a fucking slut.

MySweetPussyWantsU: It is understandable that you are feeling hurt, Sandy.

SANDYDEE: I am not feeling hurt in the slightest. You two can go masturbate to your heart's content.

SATISH11: Sandy, I do not have hard feelings toward you.

MOONBEAM: How did you know who I was? Or where to look?

MySweetPussyWanisU Sandy, why do sexual things have such a negative connotation to you?

HUMBERT: Think I never saw over your shoulder what you were doing online? Think I never saw your URL? Or looked in History?

HUMBERT: Maybe you drove her to it, Humbert.

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED ON*

MySweetPussyWantsU: Didn't the attorney general recommend masturbation?

HUMBERT: Fuck off, Humbert.

TAG: I think that was the surgeon general.

MOONBEAM: Gary, please.

TAG: Lisa. Is it you?

LISA33: me, baby.

SANDYDEE: She was fired for it.

HUMBERT: I've decided I want custody.

MOONBEAM: Don't say that. You don't mean it.

LISA33: the surgeon general recommends masturbation as part of any regimen of diet and exercise.

LISA33... but like any new exercise routine, you should be careful to start slow . . .

LISA33: then get faster and faster.

HUMBERT: I'm printing a transcript of this chat for my lawyer.

LISA33: yeah, it's me alright, is your lawyer into cybersex, hum?

TAG: Lisa! It is you!

SANDYDEE: Anyway, I never said I had anything against masturbation.

MOONBEAM: Fuck.

MySweetPussyWantsU: I don't see why morality and sexuality cannot coexist.

MOONBEAM: Gary don't. I can explain it.

TAG: Lisa can I IM you?

LolaB: *HAS LOGGED ON*

LolaB: Hi everyone. I have another question.

03/27/00 12:53 AM

<http://www.literoticus.com/chat.html/pvt11>

LISA33: *TAG HAS INVITED YOU TO A PRIVATE CHAT.*

LISA33: hi baby.

TAG: Lisa love. I really thought I'd lost you.

LISA33: well... you found me. how are you?

TAGBetter now.

LISA33: hang on a sec. michael's making a racket.

TAGOkay.

LISA33: there, back, i asked him what he was doing.

LISA33: and he said, “throwing.”

LISA33: so i asked him what are you throwing and he said, “nothing, i’m just throwing.”

LISA33: isn’t that a verb that requires an object or something?

TAGUsually.

TAG: My heart skipped a beat when I saw your name appear.

LISA33: you might have an arrhythmia.

TAG: I really thought I’d never see you again.

LISA33: i’m here baby.

TAG: I really missed you.

LISA33: i want you to tell me how much you want to fuck me.

TAGWow. Your libido is returning.

LISA33: not completely, but i want it back.

LISA33: i need it.

LISA33: type, “i want to fuck you.”

TAGYou really want to do this now? Don’t you want to talk to me?

LISA33: i want you to tell me what you would do with me.

TAG: If you were up here we could do it for real.

LISA33: i'd like that.

TAG: I could come visit you when your son was at school.

LISA33: do it.

LISA33: i would be ready for you.

TAG: Lisa, can't we talk though? I need to talk to you.

LISA33: i would kneel down for you.

LISA33: take your cock in my mouth.

TAG: We're really doing this now?

LISA33: i'd be good to you, tag.

TAG: I've really missed you.

LISA33: lick you everywhere.

TAG: Will you talk to me after?

LISA33: then take it all the way in.

LISA33: rub my tits against your thighs.

LISA33: lick your balls while i stroke your cock with my hand.

LISA33: are you hard, tag?

LISA33: i want you to be hard.

LISA33: i want you to fuck me.

LISA33: spread my legs wide.

TAG: Lisa talk to me.

LISA33: guide your cock into me.

LISA33: use me.

TAG: Lisa baby?

LISA33: almost there.

LISA33: now, tag.

TAG: Lisa?

TAG: You there?

LISA33: back.

LISA33: that was good.

LISA33: Except for you trying to talk to me.

TAG: Sorry.

LISA33: tag?

TAG: Yes, baby.

LISA33: think i gotta go now.

TAG: No! Don't go! Talk to me.

LISA33: sister's coming over soon.

TAG: Stay just for a little while? I need to talk to you.

LISA33: okay, a little while.

TAG: Why haven't you written?

LISA33: baby don't ask me that.

LISA33: just haven't had it in me. i'm sorry.

TAG: Are you just forgetting about me?

LISA33: course not... couldn't if i wanted to.

TAG: Where have you been?

LISA33: real world, and i gotta go back there.

TAG: Not yet.

LISA33: sorry, baby.

TAG: Wait Lisa! I need to talk to you.

LISA33: do you?

TAG: Why don't you come visit?

LISA33: you don't really want me.

TAG: I do though.

LISA33: couldn't pay the airfare.

LISA33: probably couldn't even pay the bus fare... forget the airfare.

TAG: I could send you the money.

LISA33: would you do that?

TAG: I would.

LISA33: careful, tag... cause i just might take it.

TAG: Why don't you?

LISA33: you can have me for real.

TAG: I really need to talk to you about it. I'm serious. I have a plan.

LISA33: a plan for what?

TAG For your coming up here. And not just to visit. To stay.

LISA33: for real?

TAG Yes!

LISA33: but you don't really want me, baby.

TAG: Of course I do. You keep saying I don't.

LISA33: oh tag. so what's the plan?

TAG: I was thinking how I could get you a job at the firm.

TAG: As a paralegal.

LISA33: don't even know what that is.

TAG: I could teach you how do it.

TAG It's just being a lawyer's assistant. Most of it is just reading and writing—which you're probably already better at than most of the firm. But it's a real job. Requires a brain.

LISA33: are you really serious about this?

TAG Yes! We could do it. We could come up with a resume together and I'd submit it and say you were some cousin or something. We could do it as a trial.

TAG And I could help you with a security deposit for an apartment.

TAG What do you think?

LISA33: oh tag. don't talk like this if you don't mean it. please, cause it starts me dreaming.

TAG: I do mean it.

LISA33: my son needs a yard... and a quiet street... with other kids.

TAG: We could find that.

LISA33: and a good elementary school.

TAG: We have those here.

LISA33: you really mean this, tag darling?

TAGYes.

LISA33: i really want to believe you, baby.

TAGYou can.

LISA33: what if i told you okay right now? what if i told you i was coming?

TAGThat's fine.

LISA33: just fine?

TAGIt's great. It's what I want.

LISA33: you're sweet, baby, i want to be with you.

TAGYou too.

LISA33: but what if that's just what you're feeling right now?

TAGIt's what I'm always feeling.

LISA33: so what about your wife?

TAGWhat about her?

LISA33: are you going to stay with her?

TAGHmm...

LISA33: i'm just asking, baby.

TAGFor a while, I guess. But eventually... I don't know.

LISA33: you'd have to find a way to send money for me and my son to get up there.

TAGE-mail your address. And how much you need.

LISA33: you're serious?

TAG: I want to help you feel better.

LISA33: oh god.

TAGWhat?

LISA33: my mother used to say that when i was unhappy—those exact words...

LISA33: and just seeing those words... this will sound crazy...

LISA33: but it was just like she had typed them, instead of you...

LISA33: like she had typed them from wherever she is... from beyond the grave... and they suddenly appeared on my computer screen.

TAGWow.

LISA33: only now i want her to be the one saying them.

TAGIt's okay.

LISA33: oh, tag. everything here has been so terrible.

LISA33: better go now.

TAG: Do you have to?

LISA33: i'll write you.

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

03/29/00 09:21 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hi sugar, i talked to someone at my bank and they gave me the bank's ABA number, it's in the attachment with my account number, not sure why it feels safer sending it that way—in an attachment—but it does, anyway, you can wire me money directly now and it won't have to clear and there won't be any check for anyone to find.

i was looking at airfares and we'll need about five hundred dollars to get up there, i hate the thought of taking money from you, but... i'll make it up to you, tag darling, i'll be good to you. promise.

well... start thinking up those fantasies... cause i aim to please.

love you love you love you.

lisa

03/29/00 11:32 PM

FROM moonbeam@hotmail.com

TO humbert@hotmail.com

Oh Hum! It looks like the chat room's closing for some reason. Have you noticed? There's a message when you go there saying they closed it. I'm so terribly upset.

Plus my husband's really fighting for custody of the children. I know I complain about them but that would be so terrible. It's too much to handle all at once. I've been so upset.

Why did they close the chat room though? I know its closing should be a chance to reaffirm the important things, but for me I am already losing all of the important things. All I would have left are the unimportant things. I would have the television at least, but I'm not even watching any regular shows now. Even watching television would be like starting all over again.

I guess I will have YOU, Hum. I know you will not lose touch with me.

You will come and visit me soon. Won't you? I'm yours completely now.

Love,

Moon

04/02/00 01:00 AM

FROM sandydee@rocketlink.com

TO satish11@uvc.edu

Well, since the chat room seems to be closed, and may never reopen, and even if it does I don't expect to go back there, I may as well tell you I lied about my age. I'm 41, actually.

04/03/00 11:43 PM

FROM satish11@uvc.edu

TO sandydee@rocketlink.com

Thank you, Sandy. In this case, I believe also that you should know I am not in actual medical school any longer. I have been terminating my courses and I am studying podiatry.

04/04/00 10:19 PM

FROM sandydee@rocketlink.com

TO satish11@uvc.edu

Whatever, Satish. Since I actually weigh 130, not 120. Why do I bother lying about that?

04/05/00 11:51 PM

FROM satish11@uvc.edu

TO sandydee@rocketlink.com

It is okay, Sandy. I feel that I understand. You may be surprised to know that, in actuality, my penis is not 8 inches.

04/07/00 03:30 PM

FROM mysweetpussywantsu@earthbridge.com

TO satish11@uvc.edu

Hello Satish.

I've been looking for a new chat room for us to meet in. But I don't know anyone at these other places. And settling in someplace new takes so much effort.

I do think you and I should stay in touch. We can meet on ICQ. Or even talk on the phone. Would you like that? I think I really like you.

Write me.

MySweet

04/08/00 12:21 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

where are you, my darling? what's happened to you? you're supposed to be the good correspondent, remember? need to talk to you. lisa

p.s. one bit of news: they tracked down liquidjoy somehow through literoticus. he logged on and they did some kind of cookie trace or something and he turned out to be this seventy-three-year-old guy. can you believe it? he was living in a retirement community in arizona. what a creep, so damn literoticus closed down their chat room cause they were afraid of the liability if someone... such as me for example... got raped or

whatever by someone from there, plus how the hell do you make money off of a chat room anyway?

but what happened to you? that's what i'm really wondering.

04/11/00 12:07 AM

FROM humbert@hotmail.com

TO moonbeam@hotmail.com

Hi Moon. I guess there is one thing I should explain at this point: I am married. I never said I wasn't, so I don't really feel that I have lied. You never asked. But I told you I was introduced to the internet from someone who did Web site design. Well—that was my wife.

So there is no way I can visit you. Nor do I think it is a smart idea, in this day and age, for you to be meeting with strange guys who you know only from online. Believe me, there are a lot of crazy people out there.

Take care.

Humbert

04/12/00 08:22 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Hi there. Sorry I haven't written. Been working all the time, and trying to work out this plan some

more, so I would have something to say when I wrote. But I'm still thinking it through.

I'm actually flying to Denver on business right now—typing into my laptop and leaning against the window. I'll dump it into rocketlink in Denver when I get onto the net.

I'll have internet access from the hotel. But how can we communicate now, without the chat room? Let me know.

Oh Lisa. Let me just tell you what I'm feeling. We're somewhere over the Midwest now. The sun just finished setting a little while ago outside the window—one of those really drawn out sunsets you get flying west. Looking down I can see tiny, distant lights—clusters of them. Earth. It is one of those feelings, speeding away from home, that always fills you with some longing, some strange, faintly pleasurable longing—because at last you are completely alone with your thoughts, with your loneliness, and you can take your thoughts wherever you want to take them. For me at least, there is always an erotic undertone. Because your thoughts can go anywhere. So that is where, one way or another, they eventually wander. And of course you are there in them, as you are in all of my meditations of that sort. You are out there in the night, beyond the airplane window, mingling with the distant lights, blurring with the whir and speed. We are together finally, somewhere in the nothingness out there—somewhere we can finally be truly together, apart from all time and space and worry. We are doing all of the things we have imagined. We are out there in the sky—having sex. One position after the next. Fucking. Eternally.

Here's something amusing: I just returned from the bathroom in the back of the plane, and there was a sign on it that read, "Keep Locked During Take-off And Landing," and all I could think of was that it was a reference to having sex in there. Take-off and Landing were penetration and orgasm. Was I that obsessed before I met you? Then I got back to my seat and picked up the in-flight magazine and it's called "Hemispheres" and I opened it half-expecting to see pictures of bared behinds. What is it about flying that everything is so erotically charged, every female passenger a would-be conquest, even the safety card—flight attendant tucked over for an emergency landing—suggesting some sex position?

Well, the pilot has just come on. We're just about two hours now from our final destination. The local time is 8:35 PM. Scattered clouds. Five miles visibility. A chilly 31 degrees. We're expecting a few light flurries.

Love you too.

Tag

04/13/00 04:44 PM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

tag, get a yahoo id. they have instant messaging there, i'll look for you there under your e-mail id if "TAG" is already taken—which i'm sure it is. can you get on tonight? need to talk to you, darling.

love you.

lisa

04/13/00 11:17 PM

FROM mysweetpussywantsu@earthbridge.com

TO satish11@uvc.edu

Well, Satish, I'm sorry our phone conversation was so upsetting to you. You really never suspected I was a guy? I don't think too many "real" girls would use a name like "MySweetPussyWantsU." Well, I can understand you must have been a bit shocked, but I don't see why you should be angry. You should really ask yourself, now that you have had time to absorb it: why should it matter? Did you not enjoy yourself with me at ICQ? And if your pleasure with me was real, why can't it continue? You will never see the real me anyway. I am only in your mind. Am I wrong?

I hope you will think this through. I've really enjoyed chatting with you.

MySweet

04/13/00 11:44 PM

<http://www.yahoo.com/chat.html/p=%,n=0lpref2=abe>

TAGAABBCC: LISA33 HAS INVITED YOU TO A PRIVATE CHAT.

TAGAABBCC: Hi.

LISA33: is that really you? honestly, i'm still in awe at the creativity of that e-mail address is.

TAGAABBCC: Sorry. “Tag” was already taken.

LISA33: who was it that called you a mindless automaton?

TAGAABBCC: Think that was you.

LISA33: oh. yeah.

LISA33: so you’re away somewhere?

TAGAABBCC: I’m at this hotel in Denver. In their “business center.”

LISA33: what are you doing in denver?

TAGAABBCC: Remember that trademark infringement case I told you about? The cleaning service companies?

LISA33: sort of.

TAGAABBCC: Well, the negotiations have moved to Denver.

LISA33: ah.

TAGAABBCC: How have you been?

LISA33: okay, just losing it a bit.

TAGAABBCC: What’s the matter?

LISA33: think i should be declared a major disaster area, and apply for federal relief.

LISA33: you never wired me.

TAGAABBCC: Well... not yet. Told you I was still trying to work it out.

LISA33: i see.

TAGAABBCC: What does that mean?

LISA33: nothing.

LISA33: also you didn't write me, baby, that isn't like you.

TAGAABBCC: I did write.

LISA33: eventually.

TAGAABBCC: I was just trying to think this through.

LISA33: oh tag.

TAGAABBCC: What?

LISA33: nothing.

TAGAABBCC: Are you upset with me?

LISA33: upset, yes. but not with you.

LISA33: cause i understand you.

LISA33: only i finally fucking let myself believe .
..

LISA33: i'm upset with ME.

TAGAABBCC: Lisa, it's a big decision. I'm just working it out.

LISA33: really?

TAGAABBCC: Can I ask you something though?

LISA33: what?

TAGAABBCC: Don't you want to see a picture of me first? Before you actually come here?

LISA33: i think what you mean is you want to see a picture of ME first.

TAGAABBCC: Hmm... I guess I always assumed... I don't know.

LISA33: i'm onto ya, tag.

TAGAABBCC: I guess so.

LISA33: oh tag.

TAGAABBCC: What?

LISA33: can't even say it.

TAGAABBCC: Say it.

LISA33: god i fucking hate myself.

TAGAABBCC: Don't say that. It hurts me.

LISA33: you just told me to say it.

TAGAABBCC: You know what I mean.

LISA33: oh tag.

TAGAABBCC: You're making too much of this.

LISA33: of what?

TAGAABBCC: That I haven't done anything yet. That I wanted to a picture of you.

LISA33: it's not just that.

TAGAABBCC: What is it then?

LISA33: think i need to get going.

TAGAABBCC: Don't, Lisa!

LISA33: need to go, baby.

TAGAABBCC: Tell me what you're thinking.

LISA33: i'll tell you one thing i'm thinking...

TAGAABBCC: Good.

LISA33: i'm thinking that before i come up there you'll have to tell me your whole name, and your address. and the name of your law firm.

TAGAABBCC: So?

LISA33: so i'll know who you are. at work... i would know people you know, i would be in your space.

LISA33: have you thought about that?

TAGAABBCC: Some.

LISA33: does it worry you?

TAGAABBCC: Well... I don't think so .

LISA33: good.

LISA33: in that case i want you to tell me your full name and your address.

TAGAABBCC: You mean right now?

LISA33: yes, now.

TAGAABBCC: Here?

LISA33: yes. right here, right now.

TAGAABBCC: Is this a test?

LISA33: tag ...

TAGAABBCC: Can I think about it?

LISA33: baby, baby, baby.

TAGAABBCC: Lisa, I feel like you're just not giving me a chance to think.

LISA33: really have to go, sugar.

TAGAABBCC: Don't!

LISA33: i have to.

TAGAABBCC: Why?

LISA33: don't make it harder.

LISA33: just say bye.

TAGAABBCC: Do I have to?

LISA33: night, baby.

TAGAABBCC: I love you, Lisa.

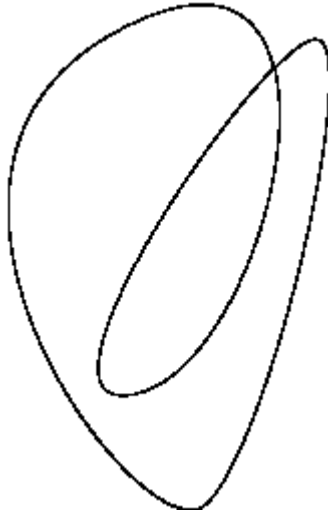
LISA33: i know, that's the upsetting part, i love you too.

TAGAABBCC: Will I hear from you?

LISA33: bye.

LISA33: *HAS LOGGED OFF*

CHAPTER 12





04/14/00 09:19 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well Lisa, I'm flying home right now—typing into my laptop and leaning against the window. I'll dump it into rocketlink when I get home.

I've been thinking about you all day—at the hotel and in the taxi and at the airport. I keep wondering. Have I lost you? Have you given up on me? It seemed that way when you logged off. Don't give up on me, Lisa. I'm just... confused right now. I just need to sort it out. But you must know how much I want you.

Have I lost you?

Bye for now.

Tag

04/16/00 11:13 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well Lisa, been back for a few days now and I haven't heard from you. Where are you? I've been

so upset. You have no idea. Checking e-mail every other minute.

Are you out there?

Tag

04/20/00 03:21 PM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

It's strange to be feeling like this all the time and have nobody I can talk about it with. Just have to keep it all in. Emily asks me what's wrong and I can't answer.

I have had this strange fantasy that someone I care about up here would die so I would have a real reason to be blue and I wouldn't have to worry about people asking me if everything was okay, if something was the matter, if there was anything I wanted to talk about. I could just suffer and take in all that sympathy that would be offered me and not be ashamed. I suppose this is as perverse a fantasy as any I have shared with you. But who can control what thoughts sometimes enter one's mind?

Come back.

Tag

04/21/00 12:21 AM

FROM Iisa33@earthbridge.com

TO tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

hi tag. well, i once promised i would never just stop replying if i wanted to end things with you. i would write you and tell you... so i guess that is what i am doing now. i'm sorry if that is hard for you.

but you know i will always be just a fantasy to you. i don't blame you at all... cause i am much better as a fantasy than a reality and you know that and i know that too. but with the chat room closed and my finally realizing this, i think it is time i tried rejoining the real world, what i want i can't have... cause i want you. and not just as your mistress, i want all of you. you must know that, and you know i'll never really have you. you practically said so in that e-mail... the one where you were talking about the two of us out there in the sky outside the airplane window... somewhere where we can finally be together, and you were right... we can't exist in the real world.

oh, tag. i kept waiting for you to tell me something about you i really wouldn't like, or maybe say something really jerky, then we could just have a fight and you could call me a slut like my husband used to and that would be the end. but it didn't happen, i told you to stop being so sweet, but you wouldn't, so here i am.

i need to start meeting real people, try to find a guy down here, i don't want to... but i know i have to. and i need to forget you if i am going to try.

i don't know why i'm saying all of this... except i'm sorry i did this to you. i showed you someone who wasn't real and got you to like it, maybe even love it, but tag there is nothing there... i see that now... i am not that person, there is no one like the

person you thought i was, and you should forget that person because she doesn't exist.

i am such a mess.

and you know, tag... i just want my mom.

i'm supposed to be starting work at a factory next week... unless i don't bother showing, but people do it. they work at factories, every day. for years, for their lives, i just don't know how. maybe after a while you get used to the monotony? i don't know... and i don't really want to find out... but there aren't many other jobs around here, and my husband hasn't been selling any cars (i've heard he's been drinking on the job and they've had to send him home a couple of times)... so he doesn't have much, even if he wanted to help out... which he doesn't.

well, i won't be checking e-mail anymore, i can't afford my internet subscription right now so i'm cancelling, also, i'm going to try to sell my computer, except i'm not sure if it's worth anything.

goodbye, tag darling, love you.

take care.

lisa

04/22/00 10:11AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Your e-mail turned blurry after the first sentence or two.

I saw it there in my inbox and at first I was filled with excitement. At last! Something from Lisa! Then I clicked on it and started to read and it just went blurry. I don't know how else to explain it. My eyes welled with tears and I wiped them away and read on and they just filled up again.

Oh God. I can't believe I did this. What is wrong with me?

Obviously I am not thinking clearly or I wouldn't be writing this, since you wrote that you won't be checking e-mails anymore and are selling your pc. It is strange to think that you will never read this. Why do I keep typing? Guess I'll end it here, though it will be no fun typing this goodbye.

Take care of yourself.

Love,

Tag

04/22/00 11:21 PM

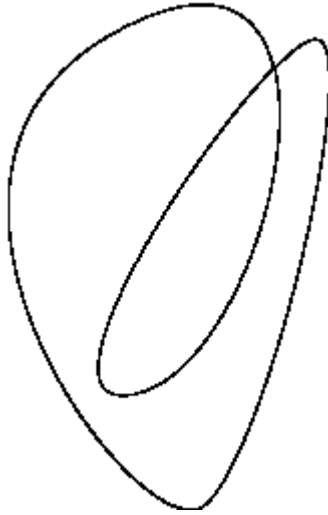
FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

I was thinking I guess I should at least thank you for letting me know, anyway, instead of just disappearing. And I should wish you well. Only I'm still in shock though, so I don't know what I'm saying. Why do I feel like I need to say these things when you won't read them, when I am just typing into nowhere like a lunatic? How did I let this happen?

Tag

CHAPTER 13





10/14/00 12:07 AM

FROM tagaabbcc@rocketlink.com

TO Iisa33@earthbridge.com

Well, my Lisa, if you are still out there, I just thought I would write you a note and tell you that I have been thinking about you.

It's fall already. Six months since I last heard from you. And I have just lately been thinking of you a lot again. I wonder how you are doing, what you are doing, what has become of you. If you do check e-mails—at the library or something—maybe this one will encourage you to write something back.

Remember that story I wrote you about that girl from my childhood? And how you felt you were fated—or I was somehow saying you were fated—to lose your mother because of it? Well, now I feel like I'm the one who was fated by it somehow. Do you remember the story? I spent the summer with this girl when I was eight years old, and then I refused to see her when she came back two years later, after her mother died. I ran away and hid. And then, how many years later, I did the same thing. You were her. I froze again. You're gone again.

You know I don't really believe I was literally fated. It's just that I am destined to be who I am. Over and over.

Well, the exciting news here is that Emily is planning an addition to the house. Apparently it is going to make us a lot happier. That's the theory, anyway. At least we can be further away from each other. Honestly, I have no idea why we're doing it except that it is just something to do. Also, we will have a bigger mortgage, which means I will need to work longer hours and spend less time at home. Which will be better for us. So you can see my life has changed radically.

What has become of you?

Well, I'm still here. I still check e-mail every now and then. Maybe you still check your old e-mail address occasionally too?

Write me.

Tag

FIN

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